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THE SECOND SERIES.

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Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

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THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. IV. December 1, 1817. No. XXIV.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
Life, Death, and Funeral
OF
Her Royal Highness the Princess CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES.

Never since the commencement of our labours have we taken up the pen with feelings so acute, as to perform the task of rearing a humble monument to her who, so lately the object of the love, admiration, and hope of a loyal people, is now a source of agonizing sorrow, keen disappointment, and bitter regret. If, however, as we are taught by the divine Founder of our religion, there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow, we cannot but believe, that our lovely Princess has been snatched from us by an immediate dispensation of that Almighty Power who guides the affairs of the world to his own good purposes; and the wisdom of whose decrees, though inscrutable to our limited comprehensions, it would be not less foolish than impious to arraign. But without indulging farther in these reflections, which all of our readers must doubtless have already made for themselves, let us proceed to place upon record in our pages some account of her too short life, and the melancholy circumstances attending her lamented death, which, though perhaps not containing much that is new for the present generation, who have watched with solicitude her every movement from the cradle to the tomb, may yet prove an acceptable memorial to those who come after us, and furnish some facts of utility to the future biographer and historian.

The Princess Charlotte Augusta, the only child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was born in Carlton-House on the 7th of January, 1796. Her mother, Carolina Amelia Augusta, was the second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and Augusta the eldest sister of his present Majesty. The long

period during which the Prince of Wales had remained unmarried, and the disastrous prospects of a broken succession, turned the general eye with peculiar anxiety to the birth of a royal heir. The *accouchement* of the Princess of Wales was conducted with the most solemn formalities; the great officers of state were in attendance, and the ladies of her royal highness's court waited on the illness, which at one period seriously threatened her life, and in which, it is said, that she was saved by the intelligent friendship of a distinguished statesman. The Prince of Wales was present on this interesting and important occasion. The earlier years of the young Princess were spent in, probably, the most advantageous manner for a constitution naturally delicate, and a mind which, from all that has transpired of it, seems to have been vigorous, original, and fond of acquirement.

This fact is confirmed by the authority of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, who, giving an account of a visit which he paid in 1801 to the Princess of Wales, then resident at Blackheath, reports her hopeful daughter, then only five years of age, to have possessed not only a most inquisitive but also a most intelligent mind.

"Yesterday, the 6th of August, 1801," says this right reverend prelate in his Journal, "I passed a very pleasant day at Shrewsbury-House, near Shooter's Hill, the residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The day was fine, and the prospect extensive and beautiful, taking in a large reach of the Thames, which was covered with vessels of various sizes and descriptions. We saw a good deal of the young Princess. She is a most captivating and engaging child; and, considering the high station she may hereafter fill, a most interesting and important one. She repeated to me several of her hymns with great correctness and propriety; and on being told that when she went to South End in Essex (as she afterwards did, for the benefit of sea-bathing), she would then be in my diocese, she fell down on her knees and begged my blessing. I gave it to her with all my heart, and with my earnest secret prayer to God, that she might adorn her illustrious station with every Christian grace; and that, if ever she became the queen of this truly great and glorious country, she might be the means of diffusing virtue, piety, and happiness through every part of her dominion."

Those of our readers who may be desirous of possessing some memento of these early years of our deeply lamented Princess, will not be displeased to learn, that there exists a spirited and correct engraving of herself and her royal mother, executed by Mr. S. W. Reynolds, from a painting made by Mrs. Maria Cosway in the very year to which the preceding anecdote relates*.

Her first years were passed with her mother, who appeared to take a peculiar interest in this promising and noble child. At a more advanced period she was put under the immediate superintendence of Lady de Clifford. The Bishop of Exeter (now Salisbury) was nomi-

* A few impressions of this engraving, which exhibits both figures in full length, and is 22 inches by 18, may yet be had at Mr. Ackermann's, Strand.

nated to direct her studies, and the Rev. Dr. Short acted as sub-preceptor.

The studies of the young Princess were urged with singular assiduity. Persons who look upon royal life as unmixed indulgence, may be surprised to learn, that with the heir apparent of England, the day's tuition generally began at six in the morning, and continued, with slight intermission, till evening. This labour may have been too severe, and rather devised with a view to the knowledge desirable in the station which she was yet to fill, than to the health which should have been the first consideration. But her acquirements were certainly of an order much superior to those of females in general society. We are assured that she was acquainted with the principal writers of the classic languages; that she was solidly informed in the history and policy of the European governments, and peculiarly of the constitution and distinguishing features of our native history. She spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with considerable fluency. The lighter accomplishments were not forgotten; and she sang and performed on the piano, the harp, and the guitar, with more than usual skill. Nature had been kind to her in indulging her with tastes which are seldom united: in addition to her talent for music, she had a fine perception of the picturesque in nature; and a portion of her earliest hours, and subsequently of those happier ones which she spent in the society of her husband, were given up to drawing. She wrote gracefully, and had a passionate fondness for the nobler ranks of English poetry.

Those were fine and singular acquisitions; in any place of society, they would have made an admirable woman: and it may be a lesson from her grave, to the youth and rank who turn away from exertion through fear of its difficulty, or through the pride that looks upon their station as exempt from the necessity of knowledge, that this mass of delightful intellectual enjoyment and preparation for the deeper duties of life, was acquired by a female who died at twenty-two, and that female heiress to the first throne of the world.

As she advanced beyond childhood, she had trials to encounter which exhibited the strength of her resolution. In the painful differences which occurred in the establishment of the Prince of Wales, she took the part of her mother. The question of her sound judgment on this distressing subject, is now beyond discussion; but she took the side to which an affectionate child, equally attached to both parents, would naturally have turned.

As the Princess advanced towards maturity, parental and national solicitude was very naturally directed to the selection of a prince worthy of her merits and expectations for her husband. The young Prince of Orange, who was almost a native of this country, having come hither when an infant, was the person whom his Majesty, as the guardian of his grand-daughter, with the apparent approbation of his whole family, destined for this honour. For this purpose he was educated in England, and was intimately acquainted with the habits, spirit, and interests of the nation. He had undergone that more

valuable education which seems so necessary to invigorate men intended for the superintendence of kingdoms. He had spent a large share of his life almost in the obscurity of a private person. His family had been exiled from their throne, like many others, and sent to be wanderers, and dependants for a precarious asylum on the tottering powers of the Continent. They had at length been invited into England, the general refuge of fallen royalty.

The prince, after completing his studies at Oxford, set out for the British army in the Peninsula, and made the principal campaigns of the Spanish war as aide-de-camp to the renowned Wellington, the greatest military genius of Europe since the days of Marlborough. This match was finally broken off by some circumstances which have not yet been distinctly explained. The interference of the Princess of Wales, the difficulty of adjusting the residence of the young bride, and her personal reluctance, all given as grounds, and possibly all combined, put an end to an alliance which seemed to offer a striking combination of public and individual advantages.

Decision and frankness seem to have equally influenced the actions of her Royal Highness; and therefore what her ingenuousness would not permit her to feign, she had uniformly the courage to avow. These qualities may perhaps best account for her resistance to this proposed union, which, how auspicious soever it might seem, yet as it did not accord with the feelings of her heart, she refused to sanction with a reluctant hand. At the very time when the nation was looking forward to the consummation of this alliance, it was surprised with the intelligence of its sudden rupture in June 1814, when her Royal Highness addressed a letter to the Earl of Liverpool as prime minister, expressing her reluctance to be carried out of the kingdom at so critical a time, when the situation and circumstances of the Princess of Wales imperiously demanded the countenance and consolation of a daughter. She farther stated, that she had not yet enjoyed in any competent degree the means of seeing her own country, or of becoming acquainted with the people towards whom she might at some future period be called upon to discharge the most important duties. Her Royal Highness also wrote a letter to the Prince of Orange himself, containing expressions highly flattering to him, and assuring him that no personal objections had influenced her determination. Whether this determination produced any unpleasant consequences to her Royal Highness, we pretend not to decide; but so much is certain, that on the evening of the 13th of July, 1814, she quitted Warwick-House privately and unattended, and hastened to the residence of her mother. She was, however, conducted back the same night to Carlton-House: her attendants and household were dismissed; the Duchess-dowager of Leeds was appointed to succeed Lady de Clifford as her governess; and in a few days she was removed to Cranbourne Lodge near Windsor, which was fixed upon for her future residence.

The usual epochs of high life passed over the Princess without any peculiar effect on her habits. Her birthday was for the first time kept at court in 1815, on her commencing her twentieth year; on May the 18th of the same year, she was introduced to the Queen's drawing-room, and attracted the universal eye and admiration. The private life of the highest rank seldom transpires in its truth. But the comparative seclusion in which the young Princess passed those years in which the character is formed, gave unusual opportunities of ascertaining her temperament. The anecdotes of her youth all give the same impression of a judgment fond of deciding for itself, of a temper hasty but generous, of a disregard of personal privation, and of a spirit peculiarly and proudly English. She frequently spoke of Queen Elizabeth as the model for a British queen; and it has been remarked that in her ample forehead, large blue eye, and dignified countenance, there was a strong resemblance to the portraits of Elizabeth in the days of her youth and beauty.

This spirit she evinced in a striking manner during her visit to Weymouth in the summer of 1815. Being at sea in her yacht, the Leviathan of 74 guns, sailing near, brought to, fired a salute to the royal standard flying, and soon after, Captain Nixon, who commanded her, rowed on board the yacht, to pay his respects to the Princess. Her Royal Highness received him on deck, and after the usual ceremonies, she said, "Captain Nixon, yours seems a very fine ship of war, I should like much to go on board her." The Bishop of Salisbury, standing by, asked whether she thought her illustrious father might not probably disapprove of her thus passing in an open boat through a rough sea. The immediate answer to this was: "Queen Elizabeth took great delight in her navy, and was not afraid to go on board a man of war in an open boat; then why should I? Pray, Captain Nixon, have the goodness to receive me in your barge, and let me be rowed on board the Leviathan, for I am not only desirous, but determined to inspect her." The necessary preparations were made, and her Royal Highness passed down into Captain Nixon's barge, followed by her two ladies in attendance, and the Bishop of Salisbury, and coming alongside the Leviathan, the yards were manned, and a chair of state let down. The Princess desired it to be rehoisted, saying, "I prefer going up in the manner that a seaman does; you Captain Nixon will kindly follow me, taking care of my clothes; and when I am on deck, the chair may be let down for the other ladies and the bishop." No sooner said than done; and her Royal Highness ascended with a facility that astonished the whole delighted crew. The royal suite being upon deck, the ship's officers were severally introduced. Her Royal Highness expressed great surprise at the space and strength of the ship, and remarked, "Well might such noble structures be called the *Wooden Walls* of Old England!" The Princess, after inspecting every part of the ship, presented a purse to Captain Nixon, desiring him to apply it for the crew, as a token of

her respect for them, and descended the ship's side as she rose, under a royal salute, accompanied by the gratifying cheers of the loyal and hearty crew of a British man of war.

Among the distinguished personages who visited England in 1814 in the train of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who introduced himself to the Princess Charlotte as the bearer of a letter to her from her relative the late gallant Duke of Brunswick. She was immediately captivated with his address and manners; farther intercourse heightened these first impressions into a warmer sentiment, and love succeeded to esteem. It is said that the Duke of York was the first to observe this growing attachment, and to communicate it to the Prince Regent, by whom a formal proposal of his daughter's hand was soon afterwards made to Prince Leopold. The consequence was the immediate return of the Prince to England in February 1816, and his union with the amiable Princess on the 2d of May following. A provision, suitable to the generosity of a great nation, was voted for them by parliament. An income of 50,000*l.* was settled on them jointly, and for the life of the survivor; 10,000*l.* per annum was allotted to the Princess independent of the controul of her husband; 60,000*l.* was voted for their outfit, and the mansion and domain of Claremont in Surry were purchased for their residence. It was immediately previous to this auspicious union that Chalon took his admirable full-length portraits of their Royal Highnesses*, which are allowed to be excellent likenesses of both, and that of the Princess represents her as "full of life and splendour and joy."

How speedily has it been the will of Providence to dash with bitterness those joyful feelings which the whole nation cherished upon the marriage of this accomplished Princess! Concurring with her illustrious bridegroom in the preference of a country life, she retired with him soon after their nuptials to Claremont; and in this favoured retreat the greatest part of their time has since been spent. The Prince, an amiable and honourable man, has proved by his whole conduct that he sincerely loved his wife. The Princess daily increased in fondness for him whom she had chosen from the world. Their time was passed in the happiest enjoyments of active private life. They were seldom asunder; they rode together, visited the neighbouring cottages, and relieved their industrious but distressed inhabitants, together; and seemed made and prepared for the truest and most unchanging felicity of wedded life. They seldom left Claremont, and never came to London but on the public occasions which required their presence. At home they were busied in all the pursuits of diligent and accomplished minds. The morning was chiefly given to exercise, and to the embellishment of Claremont and its neighbourhood, which daily furnished fresh evidence of their taste in landscape-gardening. In the afternoon, one of her most

* Engravings of these portraits were published by Mr. Ackermann.

pleasing occupations was to accompany her consort in his study of the English language, in which he soon made such proficiency as to be able to read our best writers upon history and jurisprudence. On the other hand, Leopold, who draws with the ability of a professor, assisted the Princess in her sketches of the surrounding country. The evenings generally closed with music. She was of religious habits, and a strict observer of the Sabbath, as well as her illustrious consort, whose practice it was to read to her after the church service one of our best English sermons. In short, as a wife she exhibited a model to the rest of her sex. She looked up to her husband with the most perfect affection and respect, and he was worthy of it all. His influence over her was unbounded, though the exercise of it was of the gentlest kind.

That she had learned to think seriously and deeply on religious subjects, will be evident from the following fact: A pious clergyman having obtained admission to the Princess for the purpose of soliciting her patronage to a charitable institution, was received by her with the greatest sweetness and affability. She entered into familiar conversation with him; in the course of which she asked him his idea of a death-bed, and how to make it easy. The clergyman expressed some surprise that her Royal Highness, who could have the benefit of much superior advice, should consult him: to which she replied, that she had put the same questions to several persons, as she wished to collect different opinions, and had often made it the subject of conversation with her grandfather. She added, that she should ever feel greatly indebted to Lady Elgin for her pious instructions, that lady having been the first who put into her hands the Hymns of Dr. Watts, all of which she could repeat from memory.

Endeared to the nation by this exemplary performance of public and private duties, the Princess was regarded with even increased interest as soon as it was known that she was in a way to add a new scion to the stock of Brunswick. During the whole of her pregnancy she enjoyed the best possible state of health. She indulged in no dissipation; she lived in tranquil retirement, keeping the most regular hours, passing her whole time in the enjoyment of domestic life, of which the illustrious couple furnished such a striking instance, that it could not be contemplated without the most sensible pleasure. "Indeed," as the *Spectator* observes, "the happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements and diversions." To no two persons could this remark be more strictly applicable than to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. The public, who knew the manner of her Royal Highness's life, waited not without anxiety, but yet without dread, for the important event, all the arrangements preparatory to which were made under her own direction. She determined to await it at Claremont, and selected Sir Richard

Croft and Dr. Baillie, men of the highest professional eminence, to attend her. Early in the morning of the 4th of November, symptoms of the approaching consummation of a nation's wishes manifested themselves, and expresses were dispatched to such of the great officers of state whose presence is required on such occasions, and who immediately hastened to Claremont. The progress of the labour was very slow, but without any appearance of danger; it was, nevertheless, deemed advisable to send to London for Dr. Sims, who arrived in the following night. It was not till nine o'clock in the evening of the 6th that her Royal Highness was delivered of a still-born male infant. During this long and painful interval, Prince Leopold was constant in his attendance, and evinced the deepest solicitude. More than once he exclaimed, that "the unrepining patient endurance of the Princess, while it gave him comfort, communicated also a deep affliction at her sufferings being so protracted." She received the intelligence of the disappointment of her hopes of living offspring with equal firmness and resignation, as did her beloved consort with the ejaculation, "Thank God, however, the Princess is safe!"—Though of course much exhausted, her Royal Highness seemed so composed, and to be going on so favourably, that the great officers of state quitted Claremont about eleven o'clock. Not an hour elapsed before a change was observed; her quiet left her, and she became restless and uneasy. The medical attendants felt alarmed, and every application that art could devise was resorted to. No sooner was this unfavourable alteration intimated to Prince Leopold, than he flew to her bed-side, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to disguise from his suffering consort the grief and agony which he felt at the unexpected turn that had taken place. She scarcely ever moved her eyes from the face of her beloved Prince, and frequently extended her hand to meet his. Meanwhile her pain increased; convulsions succeeded; nature was completely exhausted, and at half-past two in the morning of the 6th of November she heaved a gentle sigh and expired, having remained perfectly sensible till the last moment. Thus, in the enjoyment of health and beauty, at the early age of twenty-two, was snatched from this world the lovely and accomplished Princess—

> Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> Th' observed of all observers.

Dispatches, announcing this most afflicting event, were immediately sent off to the royal father of the lovely victim, to the Queen and Princesses who were at Bath, and to the other members of her illustrious family. The Prince Regent, on receiving the first news of his daughter's illness, had hastened from Sudbourne-Hall in Suffolk, with the utmost anxiety and expedition, to Carlton-House, with the intention of proceeding to Claremont, when the Duke of York and Earl Bathurst arrived with the heart-rending tidings that his only child was no more. We presume not to describe the shock which this intelligence must have given to his Royal Highness; let those who are parents figure to themselves what

would be their own feelings in a similar situation, and then they will be able to form some idea of his. Or what language can express the agony of an adoring husband and a father, bereft at one stroke of wife and child? The attempt would be alike impotent and superfluous—for sorrows such as these come home to every bosom. On the public at large the effect was little less overwhelming than if one of its members had been suddenly ravished from every family*. No event within our memory ever burst upon the country more unexpectedly. When every one was listening for the signal that was to proclaim the birth of England's heir—when all were prepared for congratulation and joy, it was indeed sufficient to astound the mind with grief, to have all these expectations so signally disappointed, to have all these feelings destroyed at once, to be called upon to mourn when we were only prepared to rejoice—to have

All things that we ordain'd festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

The impression produced by this reverse corresponded with the contrast. Unprecedented dismay, and the profoundest and most unfeigned sorrow in all its varied expressions, overwhelmed a loyal people when the unexpected intelligence reached the metropolis, and ran with almost incredible rapidity through every part of the country. Melancholy clouded every brow, and the closing of shops and the dumb peals of tolling-bells spoke the general depression. In town and in the country the theatres and other places of public amusement were closed; the public meetings and festivals of corporate bodies were postponed; the courts of justice deferred their proceedings; business of every kind seemed almost suspended; indeed one universal demonstration of pungent sorrow and disappointed hope pervaded every part of the united kingdom. Many of the churches and other places of public worship were arrayed in the sable garb of woe, and from every pulpit were paid spontaneous tributes of mingled affection, loyalty, and grief.

The sorrows of the illustrious widower were so intense, that serious apprehensions were entertained for his health. His days were wholly given up to mourning, and his nights were restless. His royal father-in-law, while he himself stood in need of sympathizing attentions, considerately endeavoured to console the affliction of the widowed husband. He sent to his Serene Highness the expressions of his sincere condolence, together with an offer of apartments at Carlton-House; which, however, the Prince respectfully declined, being determined to attend the remains of his beloved consort till the tomb should separate him from them for ever. Besides the verbal message, his Royal Highness is said to have

* So deeply did the intelligence affect the mind of Mr. Carpenter, who for many years kept the Three Mariners Inn at Esher, and whose family had received much kindness from the Princess and her consort, that he was immediately taken ill, talked of nothing but the death of his benefactress, and expired the next day.

written to Prince Leopold a letter expressing the deepest sense of the manner in which he had invariably conducted himself to his daughter —a manner which had ensured to him the blessings and affection of the father, and the admiration and respect of the whole nation.

These attentions, however grateful, could not alleviate the sense of his irreparable loss, and his attachment and respect to the Princess were most affectingly and delicately expressed. It was his practice every night about eleven o'clock, before he retired to rest, to visit her loved remains, and pour forth his sorrows over them. The bonnet and cloak which she wore in her last walk with him, and which were hung by her own hands upon a screen in the sitting-parlour, he would not suffer to be removed nor even touched by any person whatever. Her watch also remained by his direction on the mantel-piece in precisely the same situation in which she herself placed it—in short, the most inconsiderable articles once possessed by his beloved Princess were endeared to him by fond recollections. These details may appear trivial to some; but few of our readers need be told, that the affections of the heart are displayed much more clearly in little things like these, than on occasions of greater moment. The first step which his Serene Highness took towards consoling his own afflictions, was to alleviate the distresses of others, by ordering fifty pounds to be distributed among the poor workmen who had been employed in the improvements on the grounds at Claremont, and whose labours were suspended by the sudden calamity.

The Prince Regent could not be restrained from the melancholy sight of the remains of his beloved daughter, and on the 11th repaired to Claremont for that purpose. The interview between his Royal Highness and his afflicted son-in-law was most affecting.

Conformably with the usage observed from time immemorial in regard to the royal family of England, the body of the Princess was opened and embalmed, and the intestines deposited in an urn. The corpse was then wrapped in cere-cloth, and the whole inclosed in rich blue velvet, tied with white satin ribbon. Upon opening the body, no morbid symptom that could account for the death of her Royal Highness was discovered.

Her remains were deposited in a mahogany coffin lined and trimmed with white satin, and the bolster and pillow covered with the same. The plate of silver gilt bore the following inscription:—

Depositum
Illustrissimæ Principissæ, Charlottæ Augustæ
Illustrissimi Principis Georgii Augusti Frederici
Principis Walliæ, Britanniarum Regentis,
Filiæ unicæ,
Consortisque Serenissimi Principis
Leopoldi Georgii Frederici
Ducis Saxoniæ, Marchionis Misniæ,
Landgravii Thuringiæ, Principis Coburgi
Saalfeldensis, Exercituum Regis
Marescalli, Majestati Regiæ a
Sanctioribus Consiliis, Ordinis Periscelidis
et Honoratissimi Ordinis Militaris
de Balneo Equitis:
Obiit 6ta die Novembris anno Domini
M.DCCCXVII. Ætatis suæ XXII.

The body of the infant was embalmed in the same manner as that of the Princess, and placed in a separate coffin.

It was resolved that the funeral should be private, and the remains of her Royal Highness and her infant should be deposited in the vault originally constructed by Cardinal Wolsey under St. George's chapel at Windsor, and fitted up a few years since by order of his present Majesty as the burial-place of himself and his descendants. The 19th of November was fixed for this solemnity, which Prince Leopold determined to attend in person. Accordingly, on the 18th, at six in the evening, the remains of the Princess were removed from the mansion so lately blessed with her cheering presence, and placed in a hearse drawn by eight horses, as were the coffin of the infant and urn in a mourning coach with six horses. Prince Leopold, faithful to the solemn duty which he had imposed on himself, and with a look that sufficiently bespoke the agony of his feelings, entered another mourning coach, accompanied by Baron Hardenbrock and his physician Dr. Stockmar. Three other mourning coaches were occupied by the principal attendants of the illustrious pair. The procession, headed by upwards of thirty horsemen, three abreast, and followed by a party of the 10th dragoons, and a great concourse of persons on horseback and on foot, took the road over Walton bridge. The bells of the different towns and villages through which it passed tolled in solemn sounds, and the roads were thronged with spectators.—At Egham the escort of the 10th regiment was relieved by a detachment of the royal horse-guards. The melancholy cavalcade did not reach Windsor till two o'clock in the morning. Till this moment the moon had shone brightly all the way from Claremont; but now the sky became overcast; the moon was enveloped in clouds, and darkness ensued—a sudden change which visibly affected thousands of spectators. The body of the infant and the urn were immediately conveyed to St. George's chapel, where they were received by the dean, and lowered by the yeomen of the guard into the royal cemetery, and there deposited temporarily upon a shelf, previously to being placed on the coffin of the Princess. The latter was received at the Lower Lodge by the yeomen of the guard, and deposited in an apartment fitted up in a style of state. A large black velvet pall, with a broad white border, covered the coffin and reached to the floor, which, as well as every other part of the room, was covered with black cloth. Upon the coffin was the coronet, and at the head against the wall a large silk escutcheon. Three large wax-candles burned on either side, and many smaller ones were attached to the walls of the apartment. To those who were acquainted with the habits of the lamented Princess when she resided in these apartments, it was a mournful reflection, that the room so solemnly dedicated to her funeral honours was formerly her dining-room.—Here she lived in a course of improving occupation, of healthful exercise, of cheerful and innocent recreations. Here she prepared herself for that career of honourable and happy duties, the performance of which, in the spirit of purity and affection, has so endeared her to the people of Britain.

In the evening of the 19th, about seven o'clock, the whole regiment of horse-guards marched into Windsor, and formed in single files on each side of the High-street and Castle-street. The foot-guards also were stationed by the outer gate of the castle within the walls and in the interior of St. George's chapel. The crowd assembled in the streets, at the windows, and in every situation where a glimpse of the procession could be obtained, was beyond calculation. At eight o'clock every fourth man of the horse-guards lighted a torch, and half an hour afterwards the procession began to move from the Lower Lodge in the following order:

The band of the Royal Horse-Guards Blue, with muffled drums.
An escort of the Royal Horse-Guards Blue, fifty rank and file.
Ten Servants and Grooms of her late Royal Highness and of his Serene Highness, on foot, in deep mourning.
Eighty-five Servants and Grooms of the Royal Family, the Prince Regent, and their Majesties,
on foot, in full state liveries, with crape hat-bands and black gloves, four and four, bearing flambeaux.

THE HEARSE,
Drawn by eight of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's black horses, fully caparisoned,
each horse attended by a Groom in full state livery.

His Majesty's Body Carriage,
(Drawn by a full set of his Majesty's horses, each horse attended by a Groom in full state livery), conveying his Serene Highness the Prince Leopold,
Chief Mourner,
and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Clarence,
Supporters to the Chief Mourner.

Mutes and Pages.
The carriage of Prince Leopold, drawn by six horses.
A carriage of the Prince Regent, drawn by six grey horses.
A second carriage of the Prince Regent, drawn by six bay horses.
A third carriage of the Prince Regent, drawn by six bay horses.
A carriage of the Duke of York, drawn by six bay horses.
A second carriage of the Duke of York, drawn by six black horses.
A carriage of the Duke of Kent, drawn by six horses.
A carriage of the Duke of Sussex, drawn by six grey horses.
A carriage of the Duke of Cumberland, drawn by six grey horses.
A carriage of the Duchess of Gloucester, drawn by six black horses.

All the coaches had their blinds drawn up except the first, in which Prince Leopold moved to discharge the last heart-rending duty to the once dear source of all his hopes, but now of all his sorrows. The serenity of the night, the moon shining in unclouded majesty, and blending her mild rays with the artificial glare of the funeral flambeaux, threw an awful, a religious, and an interesting effect on the whole of the sepulchral pageant.

On its arrival within the castle-gate, an escort of the 10th hussars conducted the hearse to the south door of the chapel. The whole interior of the lower ward was lined with troops of horse and foot, bearing flambeaux. At the south door an elegant and extensive porch had been erected, covered with black cloth, festooned at the top in deep and elegant folds. The body was here removed from the hearse by eight yeomen of the guard, and the ser-

vants and grooms filed off. In the interior of the chapel, the foot-guards were stationed in the aisles and nave, every fourth man bearing smaller torches than those used without.

The pavement of the choir was completely covered with black cloth; the stalls of the Knights of the Garter were hung with the same, in rich draperies; the cushions, seats, and other appurtenances of the choir, as well as the altar, were also clothed in black.

At the entrance, the dean and prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body; and the procession being formed, moved down the south aisle and up the nave into the choir, in the following order:

Naval Knights of Windsor, in full dress uniform.
Poor Knights of Windsor, in mantles and gowns.
Pages of the Prince Leopold.
Pages of the Royal Family.
Pages of the Prince Regent.
Pages of their Majesties.
Solicitor to her late Royal Highness.
Comptroller of the Household of her late Royal Highness.
Apothecaries of her late Royal Highness. | Surgeons of her late Royal Highness.
The Curates and Rectors of the parishes of Esher and Windsor.
Physicians who attended her late Royal Highness.
Chaplains to his Serene Highness.
Equerry to her late Royal Highness.
Equerries of the Royal Family.
Equerries of the Prince Regent.
Quarter-Master-General. Adjutant-General.
Officers of the Duchy of Cornwall.
Chamberlain to the Great Steward of Scotland.
Grooms of the Bedchamber to the Prince Regent.
Pursuivants of Arms.
Comptroller of the Prince Regent's Household. Treasurer of the Prince Regent's Household.
Master of the Prince Regent's Household.
Heralds of Arms.
Privy Purse and Private Secretary to the Prince Regent.
Lords of the Prince Regent's Bedchamber.
Norroy King of Arms.
The Bishop of Exeter. The Bishop of Salisbury.
The Bishop of London.
The Ministers of Hanover and Saxony,
Count Munster and Baron de Just.
The Deputy Earl Marshal.
His Majesty's Ministers.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
Choir of Windsor.
Ten Choristers.
Eleven Lay Clerks, viz.
Messrs. Grey, West, Salmon, jun. Saunders, Dyne, Francis, Binfield, Smith, Miller, Salmon, Heather.
Six Minor Canons,
Rev. Messrs. Champness, Webb, C. Champness, Blenkinsop, Lewes, Clarke.
Prebendaries of Windsor,

Rev. C. Proby, M. A.
Hon. and Rev. H. Cockayne Cust, M. A.
Rev. Joseph Goodall, Provost of Eton
Rev. R. Digby, M. A.
Hon. and Rev. J. Marsham, D. D.
Rev. W. Long, B. C. L.
Rev. G. Champagne, M. A.
Rev. G. Heath, D. D.
Rev. E. Northey, B. D.
Rev. W. Cookson, D. D. Deputy Clerk of the Closet

Dean of Windsor.
Hon. and Rev. Henry Lewis Hobart, D. D.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

The Groom of the Stole.	The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household.	The King's Master of the Horse.

Clarenceux King of Arms.

Gentleman Usher.	The Coronet of her late Royal Highness, borne upon a black velvet cushion by Colonel Addenbroke.	Gentleman Usher.
Gentleman Usher.	Garter Principal King of Arms, bearing his sceptre.	Gentleman Usher.
Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain.	The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.	The Vice-Chamberlain.
Supporters of the Pall, Two Baronesses.	**The Body.**	Supporters of the Pall, Two Baronesses.

The Coffin covered with a black velvet Pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of her Royal Highness's Arms, and carried by eight Yeomen of the Guard, under a canopy of black velvet, borne by eight Gentlemen Ushers.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in a long black cloak, his train borne by two Gentlemen of H. R. H.'s Household.	THE CHIEF MOURNER, His Serene Highness PRINCE LEOPOLD, in a long black cloak, his train borne by Baron de Hardenbrock and Sir Robert Gardiner.	His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a long black cloak, his train borne by two Gentlemen of H. R. H.'s Household.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL,
in long black cloaks.
The Duke of Sussex.
The Duke of Cumberland.
The train of each borne by two Gentlemen of the respective Households of their Royal Highnesses.
Ladies of the Bedchamber to her late Royal Highness.
Women of the Bedchamber to her late Royal Highness.

His Majesty's Establishment at Windsor, viz.
Groom of the Stole.
Master of the Robes. Vice-Chamberlain.
Lords of the Bedchamber.
Grooms of the Bedchamber.
Clerk Marshal.
Equerries
Master of the Household.

Her Majesty's Establishment at Windsor, viz.
Master of the Horse.
Vice-Chamberlain.
Secretary and Comptroller of the Household. Treasurer of the Household.
Equerries and Gentlemen Ushers.
Ladies of her Majesty's Bedchamber.
Women of her Majesty's Bedchamber.
Ladies Attendants on their Royal Highnesses the Princesses.
Attendants on her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.
Attendants on her Majesty and the Princesses.

Immediately on the entrance of the body into the chapel, the choir commenced the impressive burial service composed jointly by Croft and Purcell. The second verse, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was played in the most tender manner, and sung in a style of pathetic solemnity, highly creditable to the gentlemen of the choir. During

this most impressive part of the solemnity the procession had moved into the choir. The body was placed on a platform near the centre of the choir, concealing the entrance to the royal vault. The coronet and cushion were laid upon the coffin. The chief mourner, who moved in the mournful procession with an effort of firmness which only more painfully indicated the struggles of his heart, was conducted to a chair placed for his Serene Highness at the head of the corpse. He was supported on each side by the Dukes of York and Clarence, who had accompanied him in the procession. The supporters of the pall sat in their places near the body. The Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland, and such of the nobility who are Knights of the Garter, ascended their different stalls. The ministers of state, the officers of the household, and the other attendants of the procession, were placed in various seats, according to their respective ranks.

After the whole arrangements were made, the choir chaunted the proper psalms, viz. the 39th and 90th. The noble lesson of the burial service was then read by the Dean of Windsor from the sovereign's stall; and after the lesson, the beautiful anthem, Psalm xvi. 9. 10. 11. 12. the composition of Dr. Blake, was sung by the choristers and lay clerks.

During the performance of that part of the service which commences, "Man that is born of a woman," the platform was gradually lowered by imperceptible machinery, and the coffin descended below the pavement. At the moment of its disappearance the dean read the simple prayer, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God." The effect of this part of the solemnity was most awful; the gradual disappearance of the corpse without the application of visible strength, conveying a sublime and indescribable sentiment. The third part of the service, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was then sung; the dean read the remainder of the office of interment. After the service was concluded, the Deputy King of Arms proclaimed her late Royal Highness's style, but his feelings would scarcely allow him to give utterance to the form. The *Dead March in Saul* was then exquisitely played by Mr. Sexton, organist to the chapel, while the mourners and attendants slowly retired. Prince Leopold was greatly agitated as he left the choir; his pallid and agonized countenance, and unsteady step, excited the deepest sympathy in all the spectators. Immediately after the afflicting ceremony, his Serene Highness returned to Claremont with his faithful attendants.

This day, which will be memorable in the annals of the British empire, exhibited the spectacle of a whole nation prostrate before the altars of the Creator in spontaneous mourning and sorrow. The shops, and even many private houses, were closely shut up; all business was suspended; the bells every where tolled the funeral knell; the churches and other places of divine worship were universally opened and thronged; and the demonstrations of affliction were as universal as they were sincere. Well indeed may we mourn the day on which the tomb closed upon two generations, from whom we expected a long line of patriot

princes to inherit the triple crown of the royal house of Brunswick!

In person the Princess Charlotte was about the middle size, inclining rather to *embonpoint*, but not so much as to impair the symmetry of her form. Her complexion was beautifully fair, her arms delicately rounded, and her head finely placed. There was a mingled sweetness and dignity in her look; a full, intelligent eye; and when she was engaged in conversation, she had much liveliness in the expression of her countenance. The resemblance of her illustrious father was striking. But to those who have not enjoyed opportunities of seeing her Royal Highness, the engraving from Chalon's portrait will convey a much better idea of her person than any description.

LINES

On Chalon's Portrait *of the Princess* Charlotte.

Child of thy country! to its prayer supplied,
Rear'd in its bosom—cherish'd, honour'd, loved—
A people's solace, joy, and hope, and pride!
Thy wisdom blooming, and thy virtues proved;—
Say, could not these, nor all thy beauties, save
Our best prized treasure from an early grave?
Most loved, most mourned, adieu!—
Though at thy tomb we part,
Thy mem'ry is enshrined within a nation's heart.

I. B. P.

LINES

On Chalon's Portrait *of* Prince Leopold.

Coburg! if memory to thee be dear,
And if a country's praise—a praise we owe,
Can calm thine anguish—in thine anguish hear—
That country loves thee, and partakes thy woe.
When to thine arms bestowed, in joyous youth,
Virtue, and innocence, and love, and truth,
All earthly goodness, and all grace was given,
Thy virtues held them—but in trust for Heaven.

I. B. P.

The plate represents an allegorical monument to the memory of our beloved and departed Princess, and is symbolical of that prostration of heart, which the whole kingdom has demonstrated in deep and pious sorrow at our national loss, in which every one has mourned, as for a great and individual affliction. The sarcophagus is supposed to contain the body, and Britannia has abandoned her arms, to weep over it; whilst her attendant, and symbol of the country, the British Lion, rests inactive at her feet. The bust of the Princess, the pedestal being entwined by the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamroc, is surmounted by a marble canopy, designed in that beautiful and English architecture usually termed the Gothic, and of which style the Princess was greatly enamoured. The lovely little Gothic temple lately erected on a rising ground in the plantations of Claremont, by her immediate command, and which now might well be consecrated to her memory, will long evince her attachment to this character of architecture, and exist the memorial of a patronage of art which promised so well for its improvement and prosperity. On small pedestals are placed the coronets which belong to the state of a Princess of England and of Saxe-Coburg; and the Gothic arch terminates in the celestial crown.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 32.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XII.

AVIGNON.

DURING the absence of Bastian, whom, as I informed you, I sent in quest of a lodging, I took a walk to the palace of the legate, which, like almost all the mansions of prelates, is humbly situated on the most elevated spot of the city. The lackey who conducted me thither, talked a great deal by the way about an open place near that edifice, commanding a view of the whole papal territory. In truth the prospect of the delightful country, which like a vast picture lay spread out before me, was as refreshing to the eye as a fatigued traveller could have wished. In this place, in front of the ecclesiastical palace, there is said to prevail at times a tempestuous wind, which blowing from the French frontiers, almost stops the breath of the legate, who never expects much good from that quarter. To-day, fortunately for me, it reposed in the genial radiance of the evening sun. How happy did I feel myself, bathing as it were in its warmth on the first day of the year—indeed such is the difference, that it does not seem to be the same luminary as that which throws his faint beams over my native land.

Long did I stand immoveable on this sunny station, imbibing, like the statue of Memnon, the kindly rays. Bastian had been some time before me; but dazzled with the majestic light, I saw him not, and he was obliged to address me in order to inform me of his return.

"Will you be pleased," said he at last, "to go and look at the lodging which I have pitched upon for you?"

"So," replied I, "Mr. Ambassador, I hear that you are returned; for as to seeing, that is out of the question."—In reality so powerfully was my sight affected, that I verily believe Swedenborg only looked a few minutes longer at the sun, to discover all those extraordinary things which so far exceed our dull comprehensions.

"I hope," continued Bastian, "that when you have recovered your sight, you will approve of the place.——But don't you see me yet?—You turn to the contrary side!—Good God! how you frighten me! Ah! sir, the sun here is not to be trifled with."

"Conduct me to the lodgings, my dear Bastian," replied I, rubbing my eyes, "for my blindness—thank God—is beginning to go off."

"It is not far to the place," said Bastian, resuming his report, and, proud of the manner in which he had executed his commission, walking with tolerable assurance close by my side. "You will certainly like the lodging, for it is in a light cheerful house, which happens to face the south. A convenient staircase leads into a large ante-room, from which you enter a spacious

apartment; next to that is a chamber with an excellent bed, and adjoining to the latter a closet with a small library—and all this, sir, on the first floor. But the best is still to come. You will be sole master of the house as long as you choose to stay there; for it belongs to the hospital of the deanry, to which the produce of it was bequeathed by its pious owner. One old woman only lives in the house, to take care of it, and she does honour to her office. It happened luckily enough that she was just coming from mass when I was standing before the door, and puzzling myself to make out the bill of *Logement à deux Louis par semaine*—for I suppose the house is so well known as not to need a more legible inscription.

"'The apartments, the furniture, and the whole concern," continued my loquacious man of business, "seemed well enough for a single gentleman; but yet the terms appeared to be rather too high. I could not, however, find in my heart to offer the old woman any less, as she assured me that every *liard* which the house produces, is distributed among the poor. This circumstance, thought I to myself, will give more pleasure to your kind master, than the saving of two livres which he will perhaps have to pay more than he ought. However, as no bargain has yet been concluded, he has no occasion to take the lodging, if he dislikes either the landlady or the price."

I have thus circumstantially detailed to you, my dear Edward, the report of my attendant, because it renders any farther description of my lodging unnecessary. I had already taken it in idea before I had convinced myself with my own eyes that it was worth the price, which, as Bastian justly observed, I should be sure not to think too high, if I only considered it as a weekly charity.

If any thing could have deterred me from the bargain, it would have been the old female steward, concerning whom it is impossible to presuppose any kind intention on the part of Chance in bringing me under the same roof with her. She is a perfect contrast to my charming hostess at Caverac, both to the eye and the heart. That she is pious enough—that is to say, what is called pious in this country—I have no doubt; for she is so hung round with the images of saints, amulets, and rosaries, that she rattles at the slightest motion like a skeleton in a high wind. When she put me in possession of my apartments, and at the same time delivered to me an inventory of the furniture, she kindly informed me, that she should supply me with nothing more than what she here left for my use, and concern herself no farther about me. I am glad of it. She added, that at the beginning of every week she should expect to be paid the price agreed upon; demanded and received the money for the first week, and commended herself to my prayers.

I now examined the place somewhat more minutely, and found every thing neat and clean, but without ornament, if I except a sleeping Cupid, well executed in white marble, under the looking-glass in the principal apartment. By what accident, thought I, can such an article have found its way into this house? It was not till I

looked over the inventory that I was enabled to solve this question: there I found the figure described as a holy angel, with the addition, that it was left in pledge with the first owner of the house for arrears of rent. The collection of books, which gave me at first the most apprehension, is not likely to make my head ache much. It consists, as far as I can perceive from a cursory survey, of nothing but works in moral theology, dialectics, casuistry, and other such like master-pieces of the seventeenth century.

Sebastian lives one pair of stairs higher, but I have only to pull a bell whenever I require his services.

I really think that for my purpose Chance could not have provided me with a more convenient lodging. If the sun continues to shine upon me during the month that I propose to remain here as genially as it has done to-day, I know not what should put me out of my simple course to health and peace of mind. My residence at Avignon will therefore, as is always the case with the truly happy periods of our lives, occupy but a very small space in my history.

For the present I can do nothing better than retire to rest, to make amends for the hours of sleep of which I this morning deprived myself.

A curious circumstance induces me to resume my pen. Whilst I am undressing myself, my old neighbour is singing a psalm, in tones so melodious as to penetrate my heart. Who could have supposed her to be possessed of such an accomplishment? Such a voice from the lips of a Margot, and by all the saints the wainscot should not long part us! At any rate, you must confess that it is much more agreeable to be sung to sleep by an old woman, than to be kept awake by her hectic cough, as is the fate of many a poor slave of a husband.

Jan. 2.

If the owners of this house sleep as soundly as their lodger has done last night, I would advise many of the great ones of the earth, to whom care or conscience, or whatever else it may be, allows no rest, to purchase a place in this hospital; for I verily believe that a transgressor of all the ten commandments would here find the happiness that he wants—such is the profound repose that seems to be attached to this house. I awoke so invigorated in body and mind, that I could even sit down and compose a new panegyric on that kind Chance which directed me to this abode, blest with every thing suitable to the residence of a philosopher: cleanliness, quiet, and that simple elegance which is as opposite to effeminacy and all the allurements of the passions, as it is intimately connected with the relish of innocent nature and moral feeling.

I was disturbed in my meditations by Bastian, who brought me my breakfast. I made a remark on the astonishing talent of our hostess—on which he clasped his hands and raised his eyes as if in pity of my little knowledge of music. "O my dear master!" cried he, "how could you for a moment imagine that such tones could proceed from that

ugly, toothless hag? No, no; the old woman has with her an angel, to whom we are indebted for this treat. Just now I saw this angel at the window, and was so startled at the sight that I had like to have spilt your coffee which I was bringing across the street. Though I would not absolutely insist that it has descended from heaven—for in a middling town like Avignon such an event would have made a great noise—still I assure you that it would be difficult for you to believe otherwise yourself, had this celestial figure appeared to you as unexpectedly as it did to me."

This enthusiastic praise of an angel from the lips of a man who had such a sister as Margot, could not fail to make an impression, which you may easily conceive, upon my mind. I motioned to him to be silent, and without taking any notice of my breakfast, placed myself as near as possible to the partition, where my soul drank copious draughts of the stream of harmony. In my ecstasy, I fancied that I could hear all the charms that were denied to my sight:—the heaving bosom—the delicate mouth furnished with rows of pearls—the languishing eyes—nay, there even occurred notes from which I could have sworn to the immaculate virtue of the performer. My imagination, so tranquil a quarter of an hour before, was now in an uproar. I was heartily glad when the psalm was finished, and I could give vent to the feelings that loaded my oppressed heart.

"How, in the name of fortune," cried I, turning to Bastian, who had meanwhile reclined as still as a mouse against one of the windows, "came this enchanting singer into this solitary house?"—"That," replied he sighing, "must be best known to God and that little deformed fellow of a bookseller over the way. He must be as fond of her singing as you, sir. Only see how he stands gazing at her window as intently as a cat watches a mouse. He will be the man to satisfy your curiosity."

"Indeed you are a sensible fellow, Bastian!" cried I. "Quick, give me my shoes and my coat! As to my hair that must do till I come back." I was presently in the street, and never once thought of the caution given me by my friend Jerome, till I was in the midst of the most strictly prohibited of all commodities.

The name of the man who here traded in literature stood inscribed in large gold letters over the door of his shop, and richly deserved that distinction. It had long been advantageously known to me by a contest in generosity with Voltaire. In a word, it was, if not the celebrated M. Fez himself, at least his son, whom I found, though unkindly used by Nature, to be a very intelligent man. You must have heard that Father Nonotte gave him for publication a manuscript, the very title of which, *Les Erreurs de Voltaire*, must have been grossly affronting to the philosopher of Ferney. M. Fez, before he sent the work to press, wrote civilly to him, acquainting him with the circumstance, and offering for the sum of two thousand livres to suppress the work. Voltaire, however, much too generous to do any person an injury, seriously dissuaded the bookseller from this sacrifice,

and in his reply good-humouredly calculated the extraordinary profit which he would relinquish for so small a sum, and declined the polite offer; in the sequel he even employed all his wit to forward the sale of the work. This anecdote gained M. Fez my entire confidence before I became personally acquainted with him. He invited me into his shop with a friendly civility, to be found only among those who live constantly in good company, and immediately, as if to introduce me to his friends, he drew back a curtain, and disclosed to my view a large collection of the first-rate authors. On this occasion I luckily carried with me an antidote, which preserved me from all the dangers of literature, and from the seductions of the writers of all ages and nations.

Nevertheless, I expected too much from the obliging disposition of a man who lived opposite to such a singer, not to seek, in my superficial acquaintance with French literature, the means of securing his friendship as much as possible, without, however, risking more than a couple of louis d'ors.

To what good account did I now turn many a tedious hour which I had devoted to the *Gazette Ecclesiastique*, the *Journal de Trevoux*, and other celebrated periodical works of the time—hours, which much too precipitately, as I now perceived, I had accounted as lost! I tasked my memory; and to the joyful surprise of M. Fez, I asked for many a book commended in those publications, which no rational man had in all probability since thought of inquiring for; and at last, fully to establish my consequence with him, I desired him to put up a dozen copies of the admired tragedy of the fortunate poet of Nismes for myself and my friends abroad.

The man became visibly more courteous the longer and the deeper he had to rummage among the accumulated rubbish of years for these forgotten jewels. He could not cease to extol my polished taste, and the extraordinary intimacy of a foreigner with French literature; and I really thought he would have clasped me in his arms, when I observed by the way that I was making a literary tour for the purpose of collecting all the fugitive publications, which, notwithstanding their lightness, so seldom fly beyond the frontiers of the kingdom.

"I devote the greatest part of my time to the chaste Muses," said I with a frankness that transported the man; "and therefore I always strive to obtain a lodging near the most celebrated booksellers. I have thus, as you see, fixed myself here in the quietest house in your neighbourhood: the old woman with whom I lodge will certainly not disturb me in my studies."

"No, indeed," replied M. Fez, "though I would not say so much for her niece who lives with her."

"So," replied I, with affected indifference, "her niece?"

"Yes," answered he, with a loud sigh; "her name is Clara. God grant me rest for her! She always draws me away from my accounts whenever the bell rings for church; for at no other time can I get a sight of her. She is a real saint, and yet—only think, sir, no more than fifteen. When quite a child, she is said to have been fonder of the image of the blessed Virgin

than of all her dolls and playthings. Judge then how great must be her veneration for her now that she has arrived at maturer years. She is even said to have consecrated her whole person to the mother of God; and whoever sees her walk cannot doubt it, so modest are all her motions. If you please to stop a few moments and look round at my books, you might convince yourself with your own eyes how dangerous a lodging you have selected. It will soon be time for matins at the Minims, and she will pass close by my shop—then you shall see, sir!—you will be astonished!"

While M. Fez looked for some waste paper to wrap up that which I had purchased, I tried to pass the time in reading the titles of his books and counting the volumes of the *Encyclopedie*. The Minims kept us not long waiting, and no sooner did their bells begin to ring, than the bookseller threw down his trumpery. "Come, sir! come along! Leave Abbadie and Bourdaloue for the present!" cried he, and drew me forcibly to the door of the shop. At this moment appeared the old woman, followed by Clara. The nearer she approached, the more silent and profound was my admiration, and the more loquacious and noisy did M. Fez become in his.

"What a gait!" whispered he several times, "what a shape! what native modesty in every step! Oh! what an exquisite Madonna face! —so sweet, so resplendent! Observe how all eyes are fixed upon her, while she, absorbed in pious meditations, exhibits in every look genuine devotion and serenity of mind. She knows not—she never has known—how old and how fascinating she is. And all these charms are destined to be buried in a convent! O sir! it is abominable in her old aunt not to dissuade her from such childish fancies, and not to admit some good-natured soul to her to open her understanding.—But, my dear sir," continued M. Fez, turning to me, while his own emotion prevented him from remarking mine, badly as I concealed it, "you say not a word! I congratulate you on the imperturbability of your temperament! You cannot fail to attain high literary eminence, since even such a phenomenon has no effect upon you. Unfortunately I cannot behold it with such indifference. The hours which the dear girl passes at church are lost to me; I can think of nothing else but the delightful moment of her return, and then I long impatiently for the time when she will next pass by again to the church. In the long run my business will be totally ruined by it—that I see clearly enough—but I cannot, indeed I cannot help it."

I had too much sympathy to laugh at the poor man, but yet felt no particular inclination to listen to a sermon on the text of my personal sensations from any one but myself. I therefore paid M. Fez for his waste paper, desired him to send it to my lodgings, and followed myself with as heavy a heart as if I had been obliged to read it too. I gave my whole purchase to Bastian, to do what he pleased with it, and never once considered how rudely I treated writers to whom I was indebted for a service which the most eminent and esteemed authors could not have rendered me.

AT AVIGNON.
First sight of Clara.

—The sudden, obstreperous, and communicative friendship of M. Fez, which was of such consequence to me, is their work. To them I am beholden for the ravishing sight of the most lovely of saints, and all the indescribable feelings of delight which it left behind; and I verily believe that the rigid Jerome himself would declare them innocent, if he knew the purpose for which I have had recourse to them.

As I knew not when the service at the Minims would be over, I had no other way left than to draw my chair to the window, and while Bastian dressed my hair, to wait with a throbbing heart for the return of the beauteous psalmist. I summoned all my patience, and nevertheless looked every moment at my watch, cursing the tardiness of its movements. "Will she never come back from church?" muttered I repeatedly. At length I enjoyed the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing first the old woman, and two paces behind her the ardently expected, the angelic Clara advancing along the street. I counted every step, and with the last that she took to enter the house, I quitted my room with my hat and stick, that I might not have the appearance of doing so on account of her beauteous eyes.

We met about the middle of the staircase. I respectfully gave way. The old woman returned with sullen gravity my salute, which indeed was not addressed to her, and how her envious eye glanced at the modest courtesy which I received from her niece as she passed me in the dress of a novice!

I can now say, Edward, that I have really seen her, for I stood at least two seconds on the same step with her. Oh! it would require the talent of an Apelles to represent so sensibly to you all the loveliness, all the graces of her nymph-like figure, all the exquisite forms that I inferred from every fold of her dress, as to render it superfluous to describe the impression which this combination of charms made upon my senses. I must entreat your own luxurious imagination to make amends for my poverty of language.

I found it a most difficult task to descend the rest of the stairs, but I could not for shame help proceeding. The next dilemma was, what to do with myself when I reached the dusty street. I could not well sit down on the opposite post and gaze at Clara's window, which I should certainly have preferred to any thing else: I was, therefore, necessitated to avail myself of the first source of diversion that offered. I fortunately recollected that I had in my pocket-book a letter of recommendation given me by the good Bishop of Nismes the last time I saw him, to a canon of his acquaintance here at Avignon, named Ducliquet. This circumstance moved me from the spot to which I seemed rooted, and transported me with all my profane reveries into the study of a divine.

Heaven knows in what meditations I may have disturbed his reverence, but had I even surprised him *in flagranti*, he could scarcely have manifested greater embarrassment. When the first stiff compliments that opened our acquaintance were over, we mutually perceived that God had certainly not created us for the entertainment of

one another; and in our anxiety to give such a turn to our first conversation as to need no second interview as long as we lived, we were both at a loss how to begin it. He, however, found occasion to break this awkward silence before I could. The festival of St. Genovia, which will be to-morrow, loosed his tongue, and even led to a conversation which proved in the end more instructive for me than I could have imagined. Having brushed his sleeve once or twice with his open hand, he said he was very sorry that it was to-day quite out of his power to shew the least civility to a stranger so interesting and so strongly recommended, but still he was glad that he might hope to-morrow would afford him an opportunity of making the more ample amends.

You know, Edward, that I hate nothing more than a grand formal dinner, which, from the turn taken by this address, my fancy pictured as already set out before me. I therefore hastily interrupted the good man with the assurance that I was obliged to pay particular attention to my health, and must therefore entreat him not to put himself to the smallest expense on my account—I even appealed to my pale face in confirmation of what I said. It was all to no purpose. "No," replied he, "you must not refuse my invitation. I will to-morrow fetch you—it is a pleasure which I cannot deny myself—in good time to the magnificent high mass which will be held in the cathedral in honour of St. Genovia, and rely upon it you shall have a good place." I felt all at once as much relieved as if I had actually digested the sumptuous dinner which the worthy canon had no idea of giving me. I could now listen more quietly to him while he thus proceeded: "If you have this morning surprised me in my every-day clothes, you shall see me to-morrow in purple, which, as you know from history, is worn by the chapter of our cathedral in common with cardinals and kings."

"But, reverend sir," said I, unable to keep up the insipid conversation any longer, without at least tickling my ear with the sound of that sweet name which love had inscribed upon my heart, "have you not also a high mass for St. Clara, who, in my opinion, deserves as much veneration as any other?"

"There you are perfectly right, sir," cried the canon, with a warmth which almost alarmed me. "Her festival falls on the 18th of August, and is very justly considered as one of the principal of our solemnities. Clara de Falkenstein—[I now perceived how much he had misunderstood me]—has left behind to the Christian church a relic worthy of the very highest veneration—jewels of inestimable value, by which Providence itself has explained to us one of the most incomprehensible of mysteries."

This information surprised me to such a degree, that I could not help looking with a kind of mistrust in the face of him who gave it; but as I could not perceive there the slighest trace of deranged intellects, I inquired, with increased astonishment, concerning the nature of this extraordinary demonstration. He immediately took down a well-thumbed quarto vo-

lume, turned to a passage in it, and, in a pathetic tone, read as follows:

"In the body of St. Clara de Monte Falcone were found three round stones about as large as a walnut, and alike in size, colour, and weight. When one of these stones is laid in one scale, and the other two in the other scale, the one is found to weigh as much as the two; and when one only is put into each scale, they still weigh alike. Hence may clearly be inferred how profoundly she was impressed with the mystery of the Holy Trinity, which is one in essence, three in persons, no one of which is either greater, or older, or more potent than the others."

While I listened to him, I became almost as grave as himself.

"Pray," said I, "is this writer, who expresses himself so decidedly, such authority as——"

"Can there be a shadow of doubt on that subject?" cried he hastily, interrupting me and turning to the titlepage. "You see, sir, it is the Legends of Father Martin de Cochim, revised and printed about ten years ago. This excellent book bears the stamp of truth like the Bible; for look you, here is the approbation of the Sorbonne."

The canon rejoiced like a child at my evident astonishment. In order to heighten it, he was going to lay before me some older writers who make mention of this miracle, and confirm it as eye-witnesses: I entreated him, however, to spare himself this trouble, and merely requested permission to note down this remarkable passage in my pocket-book, that, upon occasion, I may confound some of our philosophic unbelievers with it. As noon had imperceptibly approached during this instructive conversation, I was so much the sooner satisfied with the spiritual entertainment set before me by the canon, and took my leave.

This visit, though not absolutely unprofitable for my head, but so much the more irksome for my heart, was, however, but a trifle to the mortification that awaited me at home. For ten infernal hours have I been upon the rack, and am now robbed of all the metaphysical pleasures which I anticipated for the evening.

When I quitted the house of the canon, I saw about a hundred paces before me a much younger and more comely ecclesiastic, but took no particular notice of him till I observed that he was going the same way as myself, and occasionally turned round to look at me. He arrived at the house just as many paces before me, so that when I reached my room, he was comfortably seated by the side of Clara.

That an ecclesiastic should visit a reputed saint is nothing extraordinary; but that he should stay with her from noon till late at night—while the partition cannot withhold from my listening ear their cheerful talk, their loud laughter, and the suspicious intervals of silence that occasionally succeed—and that I must be content to go to sleep without a psalm, seems to me an evident violation of good manners, and an infringement of my right to peace and repose assured to me by my contract. In short, it is unjustifiable.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I AM characterised by all my acquaintance as a female Tangent, a circumstance which never gave me the smallest uneasiness till now; but as I have almost made up my mind to marry, I am doubtful, knowing as I do the versatility of my disposition, whether I can in conscience take a solemn oath to be always in the same mind; for you know very well, Mr. Adviser, that that is the plain English of vowing to love, honour, and obey till death parts us. But in order that you may form an accurate judgment of my case, I will, with your permission, give you a short sketch of my various pursuits.

I had the misfortune to be an heiress—I call it a misfortune, because, by enabling me to follow every whim that came into my head, it has probably been a means of making me the unsettled character I am. While still very young, I thought of little else but dress, conquest, and amusement. My large fortune and, vanity apart, a tolerably pretty person, procured me a multitude of admirers, among whom was a young gentleman who had just quitted college, and who had the reputation of being one of the most learned men of his age in England.

This youth had not the temerity to declare his love, because his fortune was much inferior to mine, but I saw with exultation that I had nearly robbed Learning of her votary: he watched my looks with the most assiduous attention, followed me like my shadow, and, in fine, exhibited a degree of respectful passion which would have done honour to the earliest ages of romance. I must honestly own, that although I was highly flattered by having inspired such an ardent attachment, I had no notion of ever rewarding it; but as love can feed on very unsubstantial diet, I took care that my words and looks should be sufficiently kind to keep hope alive in the breast of my young academician.

Things went on in this way for two years; at the end of that time I lost my lover. A curate's daughter, whose only charms were a good heart and an amiable temper, seduced him from his allegiance to me. They were married; and I felt his perfidy the more keenly, because, as I had always avoided listening to a formal declaration of his passion, I had no grounds of complaint against him.

It happened just then that dissipation had slightly injured my health, and I was reduced to the necessity of making a temporary retreat to my estate in the country in order to recruit it. One of my female friends, in speaking of the marriage of my academical admirer, had laughingly said, that she supposed he was caught by the lady's Latin. I at first regarded this as a joke, but finding upon inquiry that the bride really was a good Latinist, I was seized with a sudden desire to become a *bas bleu.* I immediately began to take lessons in Latin; procured every work necessary to complete my knowledge of it; and for three months I lived

in my library, took my meals with a grammar on one side of my plate and an exercise on the other, and more than once was so absorbed in my new pursuit, that I forgot for whole days together to take off my nightcap.

I was roused from my learned reveries by the arrival of a gentleman who came to take possession of a noble estate in my neighbourhood. He immediately issued cards for a ball and supper as a house-warming. It so happened that the card was delivered to me at the moment I began my lesson, and my master, who was not famous for the placidity of his temper, declared that he never saw my exercise so full of faults. Whether his crossness put me out of humour with study, or whether the precise moment was come for me to be tired of it, I can't say; all that I know for certain is, that I went to the ball, opened it with the master of the house, danced with more spirit than I had ever done before, and from that night to the present hour have never bestowed a single thought on the translation of Virgil, with which I had previously determined to astonish my recreant knight.

Mr. Ashgrove, the gentleman whose ball had wrought this change in my temper, was young, handsome, amiable, and on the look-out for a wife; but he drew a portrait of the pursuits and taste of his intended which frightened all the *belles* in the neighbourhood. You will not wonder at it when I tell you, that the future Mrs. Ashgrove was to possess all the qualities of a lady of the manor in the days of Queen Bess. She was to be not nominally but really the helpmate of her husband; and while he directed the business of his estates without doors, she was to superintend the domestic concerns, to inspect vigilantly the comforts and the morals of the tenantry, to institute schools, establish manufactories, find employment for the aged and the young—in short, she was to be, as he once said to me, a mother to all her dependants.

You would hardly suppose, Mr. Adviser, that I was likely to pass from the characters of a modish fine lady and a *bas bleu* to that of a Lady Bountiful. So it was, however: stimulated by hearing all my female friends declare that Mr. Ashgrove was in search of what he never would find, I resolved to try whether I could not, with a little effort, realize all his ideas of perfection; and, as I never do any thing by halves, I plunged at once into all the bustle of my new character.

I shall not enlarge upon this part of my history; suffice it to say, that a school which I established fell to the ground, because the scholars were too stupid to profit by my newly invented methods of learning to read and write. My manufactory failed, because the muslin it produced was of a very bad quality, which, by the bye, the overseer had the assurance to say was owing to an alteration I had made in the construction of the spinning-jennies. My readiness to look into the affairs of my tenants, encouraged them to take up nearly three parts of my time with idle details, and brought upon me the avowed ill-will of lawyer Litigamus. My servants were continually leaving

me, because they would not submit to the regulations I had established for the interior of my household; and, as the climax of all my misfortunes, I drew upon myself the execration of all the housewives in the county.

I invented a new method of pickling and preserving, which was less than half the usual expense; and delighted with what I thought so useful a discovery, I sent receipts, accompanied by quantities of pickles and preserves, to all the notable dames within some miles of me. Unfortunately, in about six weeks every thing made according to my new method was spoiled; and just at the same time Mr. Ashgrove, in an excursion which he made to London, was captivated with the sprightly Miss Bellair, whom he married, and brought down to pass the honeymoon at his country-seat.

In order to shew that there was no truth in the ill-natured reports which some of the country *belles* made of my mortification on this occasion, I visited Mrs. Ashgrove directly, and was soon really as much charmed with her as I had at first affected to be. There was a grace and sprightliness in her manners which were inexpressibly captivating, and her unaffected and lively wit rendered her the delight of every party she mixed with. I took it into my head that I also had pretensions to wit, and although I had hitherto neglected to bring them forward, I saw no reason why I should continue to do so; in short, I commenced *bel esprit*.

Oh! my dear Mr. Adviser, if you could but conceive the insupportable drudgery of my new profession, I am sure you would charitably allow, that it ought to be considered as a full expiation of all my offences. I no longer dared to laugh, to cry, to eat, to drink, to dress—in short, to do any thing like other people. From the moment that I set up for a pre-eminence in wit, my whole time and thoughts were employed in trying to keep the advantage which a few brilliant sallies in the beginning of my career had gained me. More than half the night have I lain awake stringing together *bons-mots*, which were to be delivered *impromptu* whenever I could find an opportunity. In fine, this darling passion soon swallowed up every other thought; I began from mere mental fatigue to look thin and pale; and I should probably have purchased my reputation of *bel esprit* at the expense of my life, if accident had not diverted my ideas into a fresh channel.

I chanced one evening to be in company with a beautiful Quaker, who attracted the attention of all the gentlemen present. One of them observed to me, "It is not her beauty which draws us all around her, there are many prettier women; it is the simplicity of her conversation and manner, aided perhaps by the peculiar phraseology and garb of her sect. Were it possible," continued he, "to divest her of the two last, she would be an enchanting creature; so sweetly, so amiably feminine; such a character in the present day is as uncommon as it is touching and interesting."

Not a word of this speech was lost upon me. I had been for some time heartily tired of the trouble I endured to gain celebrity. I was

sensible that it considerably impaired both my health and my beauty, and chancing to glance at a mirror which was opposite to me, while Mr. S—— was descanting on the perfections of the pretty Quaker, it struck me that my contour of countenance would render the simple cap of her sect extremely becoming to me. I formed my resolution on the spot, and in a few weeks I was every where regarded as a model of elegant simplicity.

My new character affords me no materials for my history; it was, in truth, easily enough supported. But I suspect that several of my acquaintance found the insipidity which it gave to my manners and conversation rather tiresome, for one evening my friend Miss —— hinted to me, that although simplicity is vastly pretty in a girl, yet when a woman has turned twenty, a certain dignity of air and manner is not only desirable but necessary. At the moment that she was speaking, Lady Harriet Haughty entered the room. "Nothing can be more à-propos," continued Miss ——, "to illustrate my meaning: look, my dear, at her ladyship, don't you admire her air? can any thing be more majestic or striking?"

To say the truth, it struck me in the same light; and without considering that Lady Harriet was a large full woman, nearly six feet high, and myself a slight figure, rather under the middle size, I determined directly to imitate the Pallas-like graces of her ladyship; and that the resemblance might be perfect in all things, I no sooner found that Lady Harriet was considered as a patroness of the arts, than I determined to be one also.

My life soon became nearly as fatiguing as when I was a professed wit, and, what was worse, I had the mortification to create a host of enemies; for as soon as I was known to patronise talent, all who had, or who thought they had any, applied to me. These applications soon became so numerous, that the goddess of wisdom herself could scarcely have decided their pretensions; and I verily believe that if she had done so in *propria persona*, they would have caviled at the justice of her decision.

You will readily suppose, Mr. Adviser, that I found it impossible to please them. I was soon attacked both in verse and prose; my taste was pronounced bad, my judgment worse; I was accused of envy, of want of candour, and finally of want of sense.

I bore all this pretty patiently, because I had, as I supposed, a means to refute it. I had written a volume of essays on taste, interspersed with accounts of, and criticisms on, some of the most celebrated works of art. This volume I intended to publish anonymously; and when the fame of its author was noised abroad, which I made no doubt would soon be the case, I intended to burst from my concealment; and after having given so signal a proof of my being entitled to rank among the most illustrious patronesses of the arts, I expected to see my unjust calumniators covered with confusion.

Eager to enjoy the triumph which I supposed awaited me, I hastened to have my work printed; its fate

did indeed decide my pretensions, but in a very different way from what I had hoped: two copies only were sold; and even the reviewers, to each of whom my publisher had sent a copy, had the cruelty to notice it only to recommend to its fair author to use in future a needle instead of a pen. This circumstance determined me to abjure the arts for ever.

An interregnum, if I may so express myself, succeeded, in which, not knowing what to do, I remained quiet; and during this time Mr. Mediocre, an amiable and sensible man, who had known me for many years, but never before paid me any attention, declared himself my admirer. Idleness may, I believe, with more propriety be called the mother than the nurse of love. During the time I had been *tangenting* from one pursuit to another, I had never felt any actual symptom of *la belle passion*, but now I begin to fear that my heart is in some danger: however, it is not yet quite gone. Give me therefore, sage sir, your advice: "To marry, or not to marry, that is the question;" and a formidable question it is to a woman who has never yet remained long together in the same mind. If I should get tired of my husband as I did of my various pursuits, what the deuce, Mr. Adviser, can I do then? since there will be no getting rid of my chains, unless I try to snap them by breaking my helpmate's heart. I have too much good-nature to make such an attempt, and even if I had not, the character of Mr. Mediocre convinces me it would be a vain one. Then, on the other hand, when I think of remaining single, my fancy conjures up the whole host of mortifications attendant on celibacy; and when I consider how galling they are to most women, I fear that to one distinguished and flattered as I have been, they would be insupportable.

After all, Mr. Adviser, I am inclined, if it meets with your approbation, to venture on matrimony. I can, you know, at the worst have a separate maintenance, and there will be no difficulty in procuring that, since, if once I wish for it, I will undertake very soon to render Mr. Mediocre as desirous of it as I can be. However, I shall make no determination till I hear from you; let me beg then, dear Mr. Sagephiz, that you will weigh my case well, for your advice shall decide the destiny of your very humble servant,

VARIETTA.

I have no hesitation in advising my fair correspondent to enter the holy pale directly, and I will venture to predict, that she may probably be indebted to the versatility of her disposition for a more than common share of happiness. Let her observe what perfection her husband seems most to admire in other ladies; let her imitate, but without servility, the air, manner, and dress which he appears to think most elegant; above all, let her closely copy those virtues for which she hears him commend others. She will thus have constantly new pursuits, equally various and delightful; and far from getting tired of matrimony, I feel certain she will soon acknowledge, that the character of a wife is the only one in which she has found real happiness.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ZUMA, OR THE DISCOVERY OF QUINQUINA: *A Tale.*

By Madame de Genlis.

(Concluded from p. 293.)

Zuma was conveyed to her chamber. The count and Beatrice deemed it prudent to conceal this supposed crime from the knowledge of the vice-queen. "She," said the count, "will sue for mercy to this wretch, whom no consideration on earth can induce me to pardon; there must be an example, and I am resolved to make one." It was soon proclaimed through the palace and the city, that Zuma had been detected in an attempt to poison the vice-queen. That very evening she was delivered into the hands of justice and conveyed to prison. Mirvan hastened in search of Azan and Thamir; the hand of death was already on his heart, and he could utter only the following words: "My son is in your power. At least promise, on condition that we keep this secret inviolably, that after our death you will restore the child to my father."—"We swear to do so," answered Azan; "but you are well aware, that his life must be the forfeit of the least indiscretion."—"We know how to die," replied Mirvan. With these words he quitted the ferocious Indian, and voluntarily committed himself to prison. He could easily guess the act which Zuma had attempted, but to explain it and justify her, would have been to abandon his child to the rage of the ferocious Azan; he therefore resolved to die with his wretched wife.

At break of day, the council assembled to examine and pass sentence on Mirvan and Zuma. The doors of the court were thrown open, and the Indians were permitted to enter; they assembled in great numbers, headed by their secret chiefs, Ximeo, Azan, and Thamir. Mirvan and Zuma were brought in loaded with chains. The latter, on beholding her husband, exclaimed with vehemence, "He is not guilty; he had no share in what I did; he was ignorant of my design."—"Zuma," interrupted Mirvan, "your death is certain, how then can you think of defending my life? I am not accused, I voluntarily share your fate. Zuma, let us die *in silence*, let us die with courage, and our child will still live."—Zuma understood the real meaning of these words, she made no reply, but her face was bathed in tears. The examination then commenced.

Zuma was unable to deny the facts to which Beatrice and the viceroy had been witnesses. She was asked from whom she had obtained the powder. "She received it from me," exclaimed Mirvan. Zuma denied this, still protesting that her husband was entirely ignorant of her designs. "And what were your designs?" inquired the judge. "Did you not intend to poison the vice-queen? Why else did you make use of this powder? Did you fancy that you were employing a salutary remedy?"—At this question Zuma trembled; her eyes at this moment met those of the cruel Azan, his threatening glance filled her with horror, she fancied

she beheld him strangling her child. "No, no," she exclaimed, in a distracted tone, "I know of no salutary remedy."—"It was poison, then? You confess it?"—"I confess nothing."--"Answer then." —"Alas! I am compelled to be silent." At these words Ximeo advanced and placed himself between Mirvan and Zuma. "Let me likewise be chained," said he; "I will die along with them."—"O my father! live for our child's sake!" they exclaimed with one voice. But Ximeo persisted.

The judges had been directed neither to employ torture nor to make any inquiry respecting accomplices; they removed Ximeo, and Mirvan and Zuma were conveyed back to prison. The countess's physician appeared, and was examined. He declared that the illness of the vice-queen having baffled the most efficacious remedies, and being accompanied by extraordinary symptoms, horrible suspicions at length arose in his mind, and that the action in which Zuma had been detected, leaving no room to doubt the atrocity of her design, had confirmed him in an idea which he had long endeavoured to repel; that finally he no longer doubted that this perverse slave had administered a slow poison to the vice-queen, and that finding herself excluded from the service of the chamber, and fearing lest the youth of the countess, and the attention which was devoted to her, might in course of time overcome the effects of a poison which had been sparingly administered, she intended to consummate her crime by a powerful dose. At this detail the judges were nearly petrified with horror; they collected the votes, and condemned Mirvan and Zuma to perish amidst the flames of a pile, that very day at noon. They were again brought into the court. Mirvan heard his sentence with heroic firmness. Zuma, bathed in tears, threw herself at his feet: "I have sacrificed you," she exclaimed—"that thought fills me with remorse—dare I hope for your forgiveness?"—"Let us not accuse our judges of cruelty," he replied; "the tyrants who condemn us, deliver us from a horrible yoke; a few hours will free us from the bonds of slavery!" These words moved the obdurate heart of Azan himself: "Mirvan," said he, "be not concerned for the fate of your son, he shall be as dear to me as if he were my own."

It was now nine in the morning, and orders were given for erecting the fatal pile.

The vice-queen was dying; the physician announced to the viceroy that every hope had vanished, that it was impossible she could support three more fits of fever, and that six or seven days, at most, would terminate her existence. The count, in a paroxysm of despair, could entertain no thought of mercy: besides, regarding Zuma as the most execrable monster that nature had ever produced, he was divested of all feeling of compassion for her. He gave orders that a pardon should be offered to Mirvan, on condition of his making a sincere confession of his crime. "Tell the viceroy," answered Mirvan, "that even though he promised me the life of Zuma, he should never draw from me another syllable."

The viceroy did not wish to be

in Lima during this dreadful execution; he therefore departed for one of his pleasure-houses, situated about half a league from the city, intending not to return until the evening.

The wretched Ximeo vainly devised a thousand different projects, all tending to save Mirvan and Zuma; he anxiously wished to assemble his friends, but during the whole of the morning the Indians were so closely watched, that he found no possibility of secretly conversing with Azan and Thamir. A proclamation was issued, ordering all the Indians in Lima to attend the execution. They were without arms; the Spanish guard was doubled and ranged round the pile; in addition to this, the unfortunate victims were escorted by two hundred soldiers. Ximeo found himself compelled to submit to his fate; he was overwhelmed with despair, and resolved to throw himself on the pile with his children.

Whilst the whole city, filled with consternation, awaited this dreadful spectacle, the vice-queen, still ignorant of the tragical event, was stretched upon her bed of sickness, weaker and more afflicted than ever. Since six in the morning all her attendants had evinced the utmost agitation. This at length attracted the notice of the countess; she made inquiries, and plainly perceived that Beatrice wished to conceal something from her, and that she imposed silence on the rest of her women. Beatrice frequently quitted the apartment, that she might without constraint give vent to her sorrow. In one of these moments, the countess strictly questioned one of her maids, and so imperatively enjoined her to tell the truth, that the girl informed her of all; and added, that Mirvan and Zuma, far from denying the imputation laid to their charge, had gloried in their crime. The surprise of the countess was equal to the horror with which she was inspired by this dreadful communication. "Oh! supreme Mercy!" she exclaimed, "I can now invoke thee with more confidence than ever." She immediately ordered her servants to prepare an open litter, and with the assistance of her women she rose, and was dressed in a loose robe of muslin. In spite of the tears and entreaties of the Spanish ladies and Beatrice, the countess threw herself upon the litter, which was borne by four slaves, a fifth carrying over her head a large parasol of taffety: in this manner, with her face concealed by a long white veil, she departed.—Twelve o'clock struck! At this moment Mirvan and Zuma on foot, loaded with chains, quitted their prison to undergo the execution of their sentence. Zuma, who was scarcely able to support herself, rested on the arm of a priest, and was guarded by two soldiers. Immense crowds had collected to see them; amidst the multitude, she perceived Azan, bearing her child in his arms, and making an effort to attract her observation. At this sight she uttered a piercing shriek, a maternal shriek which vibrated through every heart; but collecting her strength, that she might once again embrace the adored child, she disengaged herself from the hands of the priest and the soldiers, and darted towards Azan. Azan placed the child on the palpitating bosom of Zuma.

The wretched mother, amidst a torrent of tears, gave her child the last maternal kiss. "Zuma," said Azan, in a low tone of voice, "summon all your courage; recollect that your death is in itself a revenge, and that it will serve to render our secret the more inviolable." —"Oh! I wish for no revenge!" answered Zuma. "Alas! were it possible to save the vice-queen!" ——She could not utter more, the soldiers came to lead her away; the hand of death was upon her when they tore her from her child, and at that terrible moment she seemed to be offering up the sacrifice of her life.

The procession advanced; they were scarcely three hundred paces from the place of execution. At this moment a mournful trumpet announced the approach of the victims; the resinous wood which formed the top of the pile was kindled: they entered an alley of plane-trees, at the end of which they beheld the fatal spot, and the flames which seemed to mingle with the clouds. At this terrible spectacle Zuma shrunk back with horror; at that moment she was delivered from the torment of thinking on her husband and her child; stupor succeeded to insensibility, and the idea of her approaching destruction now wholly occupied her mind; she saw before her inevitable death, and death under the most horribly threatening aspect! Her strength failed her; the frozen blood no longer circulated in her veins; her face was tinged with mortal paleness; and, though not in a state of total unconsciousness, she sunk into the arms of the priest, who, notwithstanding her repeated but vague protestations, still exhorted her to repentance. — "Zuma," said Mirvan, "our suffering will not be of long duration; behold those whirlwinds of smoke — we shall be suffocated in a few moments!"—"Ah!" replied Zuma, in a voice scarcely audible, "I see nothing but fire, nothing but flame!" They advanced. Every step which brought Zuma nearer to her death, augmented her unconquerable terror. The Indians had already ranged themselves round the pile in sad consternation; they each held in their hands a branch of cypress, as an emblem of mourning; they were surrounded by Spanish guards: a noise was suddenly heard at some distance; a horseman at full gallop appeared within view, exclaiming, "Hold, hold! by order of the vice-queen, she is approaching." At these words all were struck motionless; Zuma folded her hands and sent forth a supplication to Heaven; but her soul, weighed down by terror, was not yet penetrated by the faintest gleam of hope.

At length the litter of the vice-queen was perceived; she urged her slaves to advance with the utmost speed, and she quickly reached the fatal spot. The Spanish guards ranged themselves round the vice-queen, and the Indians formed a semicircle before her; the countess then raised her veil, and discovered a pale and languishing countenance, but full of grace and gentleness, and which was itself a speaking emblem of mercy. "I do not possess," said she, "the happy right of granting pardon, but it is a favour which I am certain of obtaining from the goodness of the viceroy. Meanwhile I take under

my protection and safeguard these two unfortunate creatures; let their chains be taken off; extinguish without delay this terrific pile, which should never have been kindled had I been sooner informed of the event." At these words the Indians threw down their branches of cypress, and the air resounded with reiterated cries of "Long live the vice-queen!" Ximeo rushed forward, exclaiming, "Yes, she shall live!"—Zuma threw herself on her knees. "Almighty God," she said, "finish the work thou hast begun!"—The vice-queen signified her wish that Mirvan and Zuma should follow her; she caused them to be placed near the litter, and in this manner returned to the palace, followed by an immense multitude, who enthusiastically invoked blessings on her clemency and goodness. Having arrived at the palace, she threw herself on her bed, and expressed a desire that Mirvan and Zuma should enter her apartment: they did so, and placed themselves at her bedside. Owing to the agitation, fatigue, and distress of mind which the countess had undergone, her strength was so completely exhausted, that she fancied herself to be bordering on the last moments of her existence. She stretched forth one hand to Mirvan and the other to Zuma, who, bathed in tears, fell on her knees to receive it. Beatrice could no longer support this scene, and she entreated the countess to suffer the two Indians to be removed, under guard, to an adjoining chamber. "No, no," said the vice-queen; "I will answer for them here, and will do so before the Supreme Arbiter by whom we shall all be judged! Oh! leave them here! they are sent to open for me the gates of Heaven."—"Great God!" said Beatrice, "must I see you in the hands of the monsters who have poisoned you?"—"Where can I be better at this moment?" replied the vice-queen. "On the bosom of friendship my mind is overwhelmed with superfluous regret—but these trembling hands which I press within my own, fortify my courage; the very sight of these unfortunate beings diffuses calmness and confidence through my soul."——"O my benefactress!" said Zuma, suffocated with grief, "should Heaven frustrate my only hope, it will then be seen whether or not the wretched Zuma loved you. No, I never can survive you!" At these words Beatrice shuddered. "Detestable hypocrisy!" she exclaimed.—"Do not insult them," said the countess, "they repent; see, they shed tears. Ah! Zuma," pursued she, "you, whose gentle figure bespoke a celestial soul—you, whom I have so dearly loved—how can I entertain the slightest resentment against you? I look upon you both as the instruments of my eternal happiness; I forgive you with a willing heart; may you return to the consolations of religion with equal sincerity!" Zuma, almost driven to distraction, was about to speak, and perhaps to reveal a part of the secret which weighed a thousand times more heavily on her mind than if she had only had her own life to defend; but Mirvan interrupted her. "Zuma," said he, "let us be silent; the voice of the countess will bring down the truth from Heaven. Let us place our

trust in the God whom she invokes. He will save her precious life, and will justify us." These words were pronounced in so sincere a tone, and with so solemn an air, that they made a powerful impression even on Beatrice. The vice-queen wished to interrogate Mirvan, but in vain; he entreated that she would question him no farther, and for two hours maintained the most obstinate silence.

The vice-queen, before proceeding to the pile to save Zuma, had dispatched a messenger to the count to hasten his return to the palace; she every moment expected him, and was astonished that he had not yet arrived. She was about to send off another courier, when an extraordinary clamour was heard throughout the palace. Beatrice quitted the countess's chamber to inquire the cause of the agitation; a moment after the countess distinguished the voice of the viceroy; she ordered the door to be thrown open, and exclaimed, "My lord, I entreat your pardon for the guilty."—"They are your deliverers!" replied the viceroy, entering the apartment. All were petrified with amazement. The viceroy held a lovely boy in his arms. Zuma uttered a shriek of joy—it was her child. The viceroy rushed forward, placed the child upon her bosom, and threw himself at her feet.—Ximeo followed him; he advanced, and addressing himself to Mirvan, "You may now speak," said he, "with the consent of all the Indians: the secret is revealed, we have all tasted the powder in the presence of the viceroy; he himself insisted on partaking of it before he brought it here." At these words, Zuma, transported, almost drowned in tears, strained her child in her arms, and returned thanks to Heaven. Mirvan embraced his father; the vice-queen asked a thousand questions in a breath; the count briefly related all that the Indians had revealed to him.—"Great Heaven!" exclaimed the countess, throwing her arms round the neck of Zuma, "this angelic creature would have laid down her life to save me, and she was on the verge of being sacrificed! In the performance of so sublime an action she was accused of an atrocious crime!"—"And the fears of this heroic couple for the preservation of their child," added the viceroy, "made them endure with unconquerable firmness, shame, ignominy, and the aspect of a terrible death."—"Ah!" said Zuma, "the vice-queen has done still more. Though she believed us to be monsters of ingratitude and atrocity, and the authors of all her sufferings, yet she protected and delivered us, and with what kindness, what generosity!"—"She, as well as yourselves," replied the viceroy, "will now receive the reward due to virtue. Here are two doses of the blessed powder, the one for Zuma, and the other for the vice-queen." So saying, the count himself poured the quinquina into two separate cups; Zuma drank first, and the vice-queen wished to receive the salutary beverage from her hand. All present were melted into tears: the vice-queen, already revived by the double influence of joy and hope, received with transport the tender embraces of her husband, Beatrice, and the happy Zuma: she raised Zuma's

child to her pillow, and loaded him with the tenderest caresses; she promised to be thenceforth his second mother.

Beatrice and the rest of the Spanish ladies surrounded Zuma; they gazed upon her with admiration. Beatrice, in a fit of transport, kissed her hand—that beneficent hand which she had accused of having committed an execrable crime. In the midst of this enthusiasm, the viceroy took Mirvan and Zuma by the hand; he opened a window, and led them out on a balcony overlooking the principal street in the city, which was at that time filled with Spaniards and Indians.—"Here," said he, pointing to Mirvan and Zuma, "here are the voluntary victims of gratitude, generous sentiment, and the sanctity of oaths! Indians, their sublime virtues, and those of the vice-queen, have led you to abjure a hatred formerly too pardonable, but now unjust: you have, by an unanimous wish, freed yourselves from the cruel oath formed by revenge; instead of our secret enemies, you have become the benefactors of the old world! To render you happy will henceforth be not merely the duty of humanity but of gratitude; and that duty shall be fulfilled. Indians, all who in this memorable assembly have come to sacrifice feelings of resentment, to admiration and gentle pity, Indians, you are free; such sentiments place you on a footing of equality with your conquerors! Enjoy this glory, virtue has effected your liberation!—Love your sovereign, and serve him with fidelity: let the *tree of health* flourish on the land which will be distributed among you: reflect when you cultivate it, that the whole universe is indebted to you for this blessing of the Creator!" This address excited universal enthusiasm; and the viceroy wishing to terminate the day by the triumph of Zuma, gave orders that she should be attired in a magnificent dress: a crown of laurel was placed upon her head, and she was seated on a superb chair of state; all the ladies of the court of the vice-queen placed themselves in her suite; she was attended by the vice-queen's guard of honour; a herald on horseback preceded the retinue, pronouncing the following words: "Behold Zuma, the wife of the virtuous Mirvan, and the preserver of the vice-queen!" Zuma, reclined on cushions of cloth of gold, pressed her child to her bosom, and carried in one hand a branch of the *tree of health*. In this way she proceeded through the principal streets of Lima, amidst the acclamations of the people, who assembled in crowds to see her and to overwhelm her with benedictions. On Zuma's return to the palace, the vice-queen received her with open arms. She was then conducted to an elegant suite of apartments, prepared expressly for her and her husband: servants were appointed to attend them, and they were thenceforward to be regarded as the most intimate and dearest friends of the vice-queen. In the evening the city and all the court-yards of the palace were illuminated, and in the gardens tables were laid out with sumptuous refreshments for the Indians.

The vice-queen and Zuma were quickly freed from every remaining trace of fever: at the termina-

tion of a week the vice-queen was in a perfect state of convalescence. On the same spot where the fatal pile had excited such a sensation of horror, the viceroy erected an obelisk of white marble, on which the following words were engraven in characters of gold: *To* ZUMA, *the friend and preserver of the vice-queen, and benefactress of the old world.*

On each side of this obelisk a *tree of health* was planted—that blessed tree, sanctified by so many virtues, and which, among the Indians, afterwards became the emblem of every virtue which does honour to humanity. The viceroy lost no time in sending to Europe the precious powder of the quinquina, which was long known by the name of *The Countess's Powder*, but which in Latin still preserves its original name.

Fortune and honours never inspired with pride the generous and sensible Zuma; she was always passionately beloved by the vice-queen, and her own virtues always rendered her worthy of her glory and happiness.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *Sketched from Nature.*

(*Continued from p. 263.*)

ON my departure from my father's house, I felt my bosom expand with joy. I could not but suppose, now that I had set myself free from my parental controul, that I must be happy. "My soul," I said to myself, "is too great to be cramped like a lapstone between my father's knees, and from this day I will date my fortune." I trudged on—"the world was all before me;" and as I brushed off the rain from my coat, smiled while I exclaimed,

> "The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
> Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

Determined on the stage, some little time before I left my parents' roof, I had been qualifying myself to become a first-rate actor. I had taken lessons of elocution from a Scotch tooth-drawer; and had studied attitude under a neighbour of ours, a fine figure of a man, although he had but one arm and a wooden leg. I attended Berwick-street theatricals; had become a subscriber, and lavished my father's money in dresses and properties. As my figure was good, I gained no small laurels among the Juliets of our company, who in turn became *Fair Penitents;* and as I took all characters they gave me, from a fool to a footboy, "they fooled me to the top of my bent," and I was reckoned no bad player and a good-natured chap. On my repairing to them the evening before I made my exit from home, they congratulated me on my *wise* resolution; and after partaking of a supper at my expense, they dropped off one by one, leaving me to cogitate and sleep in a small bed at the house of call for young Roscii. Here I dreamed only of enacting Hamlet the Dane. I expected no less than arriving at *double* of Kemble or Kean. Ah! better had it been for me had I commenced playing at some fair! I might then have been punished as a vagrant

with the stocks, and punishment might have restored me to reason. I might then have been reconciled to that situation it had pleased Providence to place me in, and have avoided all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." To enter into a detail of all the fatal consequences attendant on private theatricals which accompany *females,* is unnecessary; I have known many ruined for ever. To suppose that a girl, after playing a tragedy queen or some heroine, will delight in domestic employments, is to betray little knowledge of the human heart. Even the most *prudent,* in their love of shining as theatrical stars, do not object to a thousand little indelicacies, which they can justify as belonging to their *part.* Thus the line of modesty is overstepped: it is true, public notice banishes the feelings of passion. What then must that enormity be which coldly rushes into ruin! How often, from the weakness and misplaced praise of inconsiderate friends, who can see a play murdered for nothing, have I seen a poor timid girl, who would once have been ready to die with confusion on hearing an improper word, urged by applause to actions which outrage delicacy! Did they possess some requisite for the profession they adopt, it would be something; but the greatest part of the would-be Thespians adopt theirs without the smallest qualification either of mind, person, or feeling. I have played with Romeos who have called Juliet their *luff;* with an Amarthis, who personified the child of nature with false eyes, cheeks, and teeth; and been conjured to pity *haggonizing arts,* and to forbear wounding the delicacy of their *sittywation.* But to proceed: the same evening that I paid my last shilling at the O P and P S in Russel-court, I heard of an engagement in the country. I was obliged to borrow some money of a theatrical agent to send me off; and during the time appointed to set out for my *debût,* an affair occurred which had nearly incapacitated me from playing kings "i'the tented field," and I had been nearly doomed to study a prison-scene for the rest of my life. One night as I was returning from Berwick-street, at which place I constantly attended for improvement, and had fixed my benefit, or, in other words, on what play, and the choice of a part I liked best, which was Richard III. intent only upon my future advancement, I became warm—

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither!"

I had some time before heard a laugh behind me, but this laugh was now stopped; for, in my recovery of attitude, I had struck a person behind me such a violent blow, that it laid her in the dust, "methought never to rise again." A guardian of the night, fixing his eyes upon me most stedfastly, and my theatrical martyr, who was "pale, very pale," all my heroism availed me nothing. I was "disgraced by a vile blow," and ignobly led to the watch-house. It appeared on her recovery, that she was an unfortunate night-walker, who, amusing herself at my expense, had the hardihood to approach me, when the cause and effect of her fall became evident. It is true, the poor wretch soon re-

covered, but her teeth and mouth were so damaged that they found it necessary to detain me in durance vile all that night. The deposition of a man, who declared that from a window he heard me say I would send her to h——, operated against me, but the day following I once more regained my liberty. At length I arrived at H——, the place of my engagement, without a single adventure. On the night preceding my *debût* I was introduced to the manager, at whose reception of me I was not a little delighted. He allowed me to choose the play and part, except the principal character; this he informed me he always kept to himself, "whether in tragedy, opera, comedy, or farce." I fixed upon my favourite Cato: the bills were printed; and my heart beat with satisfaction on reading in large letters—"And Portius by a young gentleman from the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, being his first appearance on any provincial stage." Besides this character, I was to recite "Bucks, have at ye all;" to sing *Giles Scroggins* and "Love among the roses;" and to play two characters in the farce, one under my own name, and the other under that of Mr. Clermont.

Pleased with anticipating those bursts of applause with which I had been received by my friends in London, and fully aware of my stage business, I attended rehearsal with all the *nonchalance* of an old performer. The strong recommendations which had preceded me from the agent, so inclined the manager in my favour, and disposed him to so full a belief in my powers, that he did not even ask me for a specimen of my abilities, and was perfectly satisfied with them on the morning of rehearsal.

Thus, with my whole frame agitated with the certainty of success, I scarcely went near the Swan, the scene of histrionic art, until the time of dressing, although I was one of the first characters to appear on the stage. Our theatre was comprised in one small room, lighted with penny candles in tin sockets; these were snuffed by the fingers of the *orchestra*, a gentleman without a nose, who played the fiddle and made himself useful. One half of this room was divided into a stage and *proscenium* by deal boards unadorned, for simplicity was the badge of our tribe. Here stood the *lights:* the dressing-rooms were behind the two front and only wings; but there was in our rules and orders a fine of sixpence, to be levied on any *gentleman* who should either willingly or by mistake adopt another's small-clothes. The ladies dressed behind the curtain, during the absence of the scene-shifter, property-man, &c. &c. that is, if such absence should not delay the stage business. Pit, boxes, and gallery were upon the same floor, and children were admitted at half price. The seats of accommodation were perfectly democratic, save those for the gentry being decorated with a piece of dirty green baize, covered with candle-grease. Dirty as it was, it offered little encouragement to the cleaner, from the dirtiness of the spectators; and as our manager had imprudently mentioned at the bottom of the bill, that gentlemen's prices would be 3s. and trademen's 2s. pride compounded with economy, and

the board of green cloth was generally deserted; all ranks were huddled together, and *our boxes* totally empty. To be sure this was not very astonishing, as just over that department a tile had fled, and when it rained, "the waters found an oozy current there."

If any person who has not been in the habit of frequenting these country theatricals, imagine that my pen is employed in exaggerating the miseries of an itinerant, I will only beg them to go and see; or let them ask any deluded wretch, who, like me, forsook a home of plenty, and whose soul, "above buttons," leaves trade for a life of vagrancy and starvation, and he will find that every syllable I record is true. Ask our first performers what they once were, and they will corroborate my statement. By this time suppose my *entrée* fast approaching; the three-stringed fiddle had already played "Moll in the wad" over and over again; a few solitary knockings of sticks had in vain attempted to drown the squeak of the Duke of York's march, when at length our curtain rose—curtain did I say? a piece of old sail-cloth upon rings, which drew on one side, answered the purpose. We had no green-room; every particle of vegetable colour seemed banished from our theatre. Had our manager wished to revive the primeval simplicity of Shakspeare's *Globe Theatre*, our properties were in full accord with such an idea. I had heard much of the fears which a young Roscius feels on beholding a full house: this is a sensation I never experienced, for numbers ever gave me courage. Judge then my sensations on appearing for the first time to a *house* consisting of three orders, a bad shilling, one admission for the loan of an arm-chair for Cato, two or three apple-munching urchins, and five or six shillings ready money. It is true, the rain poured in torrents; it was such a night in which

"I would not turn out mine enemy's dog;"

but then the tradespeople lived close to the theatre, and had they no desire to see a young gentleman—his first appearance on any provincial stage? No, alas! they had seen so many just such first appearances from Covent-garden or Drury-lane, that they were to be no longer tempted; and had even the great Kemble himself been advertised to play here, I much doubt if he would have paid the expenses of the house. But when I endeavoured to open my mouth, the dead silence with which I was received prevented my utterance; it had the effect of a charm upon me. I could not proceed. I wound my *toga* round me; I sported the tea-pot attitude with my arms, alternately changing them; and not a particle of my confusion abated on hearing a loud laugh behind the *scene* from a *wicked* actress, who was highly amused at my repeated bowings to this *no* house. At length the wrath of the manager, who bawled from the O P side, "Go on! proceed!" with no small degree of acrimony, gave me fresh stimulus. I hemmed twice, placed my arms akimbo, stroked my chin, adjusted my pasteboard helmet, and began once more my favourite line:—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning"——

"The evening you mean," shouted

a chandler's apprentice; "and you wont pay us for a ducking to come and see you," added he, encouraged by the laugh he had raised at my expense. This was too much for me; rage overcame me, and I had nearly behaved more like the son of Cato, than

———————"a poor player,
Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage;"

but my brother Marcus bade me be quiet. I whispered him. A wag cried out *Encore!* The spectators began to treat me with *goose*—the hissing became as violent as possible for the smallness of the number of *hissers*, and I ran off the stage, or would have run had there been sufficient room for such an exertion. I was relieved, however, of an immense weight by my friend Cato, the manager, whom I at first dreaded to see; but he had been too often a spectator of such *entrées* and *exits* as mine to think much about it. He encouraged me to take heart, and convinced me by his arguments, that disappointment was indeed the best school of philosophy, the best corrective to the blandishments of hope. An apology on the score of illness was made for Portius, "labouring under a dreadful cold—it was indeed a chilling cold." It was received with that good-humour which is the characteristic of a British audience; and the manager kindly—for he meant it as such—informed me, that the play could proceed just as well without my exertions, and, I dare say, equally satisfactorily to the wishes of the audience. Never shall I forget my feelings on that night; and if I had not been the maddest enthusiast, the most hardened victim of vanity, I should have been cured by this representation of all my theatrical mania. What woful difference did these children of Thespis exhibit to those I had been used to witness! and how nearly did they resemble their waggon-playing progenitor! Poverty in every shape reigned supreme among them, and while they appeared to strain every nerve to please their auditors, scarcely one clap of encouragement was given to exhilarate their tired faculties. What could induce so heterogeneous a set to fancy they had theatrical powers, the god of caprice alone can tell us. Cato himself was enacted by a broad-shouldered Irishman, who did not always *spake* the *spaach* "trippingly on the tongue." The high-spirited Juba was played by a gentleman of seventy, somewhat paralytic; to which he added, in the same dress, Marcus. A little boy, the manager's son, enacted the sage Sempronius; while the part of the virgin Marcia was performed in the croaking voice of the manager's wife.

The rest of the characters were left out, I presume, by particular desire.

"I'd as lieve the town-crier had spoken my lines."

Cato was dressed better than Mr. Quin ever dressed it, bating the intrinsic value. Our vests were formed of "black, white, and grey," and our *togas* were, I fancy, the refuse of Rosemary-lane.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXIV.

Da, Pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem;
Da, fontem lustrare boni; da, luce repertâ,
In te conspicuos animi, defigere visus. ——— BOETH.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

It will, I am sure, be more suited to the present state of my readers' minds, if I select for the lucubrations of this month, such subjects as are more immediately adapted to the character of all our thoughts.

To dispute on moral and theological topics, on matters of eternal moment, is no uncommon exercise of the understanding, even among those whose attainments do not qualify them to reason on the ordinary operations of our nature, much less upon points to which no human intellect is equal.

Among other favourite and unsuspected subjects, and it is rather a seducing one to unprepared minds, is the excellence of virtue, which is at once said to produce its own happiness, as vice, on the contrary, never fails to inflict its own misery. These are propositions of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without scruple, and believed without danger.

That "Virtue alone is happiness below," is a maxim in speculative morality which, taken in its general comprehensive sense and ultimate consequences, cannot be denied; but merely considered as applying to the human condition, will not be borne out by the common view of life. If they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, and suffer in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health and ease and plenty, who are distinguished by fame and are courted by society, it must be acknowledged that virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which mortal happiness, merely as such, is confessed to depend. It is indeed true, that Virtue in prosperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less; and this advantage is of a very superior character: and, therefore, the happiness of virtue, as it relates even to this world, affords ample inducements to encourage its cultivation. Virtue suffers pain, is oppressed by injustice, and shares in any great national calamity, equally with vice as to its immediate effect; but then it becomes us to consider the superiority which virtue possesses in supporting the evils incident to our nature, and the hopes it inspires. For, after all, it is to be considered as a grand essential to the happiness of virtue, and its pre-eminence over vice, that to life will come a last hour; and then it may be seen, as it will then be proved, that "Virtue alone is happiness below," because it can alone give us the promise of happiness above, pure, unmixed, and eternal.

If it be asked, how moral agents

become the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness or misery, and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; an answer is to be found in the evangelical pages, and to them the inquirer is referred. There we are informed, and our own experience will illustrate and confirm the truth, that life is a state of trial; that all ranks, ages, characters, and conditions are subject to that allotment; and that with respect to all those circumstances connected with our state, which our imperfect reason cannot reconcile, and our pigmy comprehension cannot grasp, it becomes us to submit with humble resignation, and to wait with pious expectation for that time, when every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in historic volumes, what do they offer to our meditation but calamities and crimes? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror; or the hopes of a nation, contemplating with idolizing affection the virtues that promise to adorn the crown of a future sovereign, are buried in the grave. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is too often found to arise from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him who examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be too often found still less than it really appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, in some period of gladdening expectation, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people: all is triumph and exultation, festivity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and no complainings in the streets. But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm; pain and malice and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward, and the grave still continues to be filled with its victims.

They in the lower stations of life who, by any accident, are introduced into the assemblies of fashion and gaiety, on observing the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and the general attention to give and receive pleasure, would naturally imagine that they had reached a place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were altogether excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those who from inferior situations look up to the pomp and gaiety which they cannot reach. But who is

there among those who frequent, and indeed form a part of these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses which, in so many instances, prey upon the lives of his gay associates?

We do not deviate greatly from the truth, when we consider the world in its best state as little more than a mere congregated assembly of beings, continuing to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance, and all the embellishments which life can furnish, to hide their real condition from the eyes of each other.

The kind of happiness which presents itself with more force than any other to general observation, is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is more poverty in the world than many are apt to imagine; not only because there are no small number whose desires are larger than their possessions, great as they may be, but many, very many indeed, are pressed by real necessities, which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expense of many comforts and conveniences of life.

A very large portion, however, are confessedly rich, and a still larger are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty; but it has long ago been remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet. Whoever looks into social life will be convinced of that truth; nay, on the contrary, is not money hourly seen to create disquiet? What misery do we not see daily arise from the treachery of dependants, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents!

Affliction is inseparable from our present state of existence; it associates with all the inhabitants of the world, wherever scattered upon the face of it, while its allotments or proportions do not appear to be always regulated by individual conduct. It is indeed the language of some moralists, that every man's fortune is in his own power, *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia;* that prudence supplies the place of every other minor divinity, and that happiness, as has been before observed, is the never-failing consequence of virtue. But though virtue has its delights, its pre-eminence, and its security, its shield is often held up in vain against a hostile power. Man does not always suffer for his guilt, nor is he always protected by his innocence.

The virtuous are by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others; even excellence itself may raise enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance. The good man is liable to the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, as well as conjugal infidelity. He may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness perverted by ingratitude. He may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A good man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil. His harvest is not spared by the storm, nor his cattle by disease. His houses are consumed by

fire, and his ships are driven by hurricanes. His mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to numerous diseases and continual casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains; he bears about him the seeds of disorder, and may linger out life in anguish or debility.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the religious philosopher has derived one of his strongest arguments for a future state; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and the bad, it follows, from the justice of the Supreme Being, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man receive a reward apportioned to his conduct in life.

The miseries of humanity may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the mercy as with the justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that infinite benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is to be enjoyed in this lower world, as well as qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he were not designed for something nobler and better, than a state in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment, in which he is to be importuned by desires that never can be satisfied, to feel evils which he has no power to avoid, and to fear many which he will never feel. A time will surely come, when every capacity of happiness will be in a state to be gratified.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that its thoughts are directed to a better state. Prosperity, alloyed and imperfect as it is, has power, more or less, to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and presumption, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise than by affliction awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to satisfy or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher power those blessings which, in the wantonness of success, we considered as the attainment of our talents, as the acquisition of our own understanding.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit. But this reflection is not intended to check the pursuits of honest industry, to slacken the pains which parental affection takes in providing for children, or to beget inattention to the performance of the various duties of life, and the enjoyment of its innocent and allowable recreations; but to check our impetuous desires, inordinate passions, and irregular appetites, and keep us in the bounds which reason and religion prescribe to reflecting creatures, whose life is uncertain, and who have a promised claim to an immortal being.

I shall conclude this paper with some very affecting observations on the subject from the pen of a writer, who, above all others, knew how to command the heart by the dignity of truth.

"Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour or wish to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts and certain experience. But no man, past the middle point of life, can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth, without finding the banquet embittered by remembrance. He may, it is true, revive lucky accidents and pleasing extravagance; many days of harmless frolic, or nights of honest festivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, acquainted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. But this satisfaction is always abated by the reflection, that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it are now in the grave. A few years make such havoc in human generations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigue had endeared to our remembrance. Thus every period of life is obliged, more or less, to borrow its happiness from the time to come; and almost every man indulges his imagination with something which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being.

"Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish, has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and indeed to be long remembered can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. Reputation, abstractedly considered, is a meteor which blazes awhile, and disappears for ever, if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion, or length of time, are able to suppress. It is not, therefore, from this world that we can confidently derive that comfort which is to cheer the gloom of our last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance. On this, therefore, every mind ought to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man; and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us."

F—— T——.

The Peasants of Ravensburgh, a favourite Rondo for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

THREE movements in E♭: an introduction in slow time, an andante, and a walz. The introduction is sufficiently impressive without being laboured; and the andante consists of a regular *cantabile* subject, the interesting simplicity of which has given rise to several satisfactory variations. The two first of these present a well connected progress of melody, by no means difficult in the execution; and the variation in C minor equally calls for our commendation. The walz, with its trio in A♭, is pretty, and the unisono part in C minor (*p.* 4, *l.* 1), although not new in itself, not only imparts energy to the whole, but intervenes as a suitable preparatory episode for the variations of the subject.

"*The grateful Cottager," as sung by Master Williams at the Nobility's Concerts.* Second edition. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In our notice of the first edition of this song (No. XVI. Second Series,) we did justice to the author's talents for lyric composition, while at the same time we pointed out a string of grammatical errors, by which his labour stood grossly disfigured. We now have the satisfaction, we may even add the pride, to find that, in the second edition before us, our suggestions have been attended to. The faults are removed, and the song, moreover, is set in a lower and consequently more practicable key (G major); so that "The Grateful Cottager" may now appear on the desk without blushing. As reviewers, however, are beings rather difficult to please, we will allow ourselves one or two observations on the amended copy. It is our office to give our opinion, and we give it without fear or favour.—Bar 20, the three A's in the melody ought to have been avoided by a melodic figure.—Bar 22, at "weeping," an accompaniment different from the homophonic descent with the voice would have been more desirable. — Bar 23 leaves us to regret the diminished seventh, which (with all its disfigurement) so aptly appeared in the first edition.—Bar 36. The introduction of C 6, D 4 6 and D 7 in the first half of the bar, appears to us contrary to the melody, and contrary to the effect of repose which ought to attend this conclusion: D 7 simply for this portion of the bar would have been sufficient and more in place.

"*'Twas cruel Fate," an admired Ballad sung by Miss S. Taylor at the Nobility's Concerts, the Words by H. Hickmann, Esq.; the Music* by S. W. Gray. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If it were not that some instances of very objectionable accompaniment operated as a qualification in our judgment of the present song, we could have noticed it in terms of considerable approbation. The melody bears good order and regularity in its construction, and is not devoid of taste or impressive effect: in the latter half it is particularly animated. But a bar like at "and forlorn" (*p.* 3), and a close like bar 2, *l.* 3, *p.* 2 (where the first quaver should

have been F, 4, 6, instead of B♭, 3,)—not to mention some other awkward combinations—will be admitted to act as drawbacks on a critic's favour.

"*Rosa,*" *a Ballad, the Poetry by Fred. Thornhill, Esq.; the Music* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.

A simple and modest title always augurs favourably in musical novelties. It looks as if the author's consciousness of the value of his work disdained propping it with bombastical puff. Mr. Kiallmark's "Rosa" is a pleasing specimen of his vocal Muse. The accompaniment is proper and effective throughout; and the melody, without any flights of decided originality, flows in soft and even progress, and in well measured rhythm, to the end. The ear listens with satisfaction to the general harmony, while the mind, with equal approbation, discovers the coincidence of the text with the musical expression.—The minor modulation (*p.* 3, *l.*1,) we could have dispensed with; not that the idea is uncommon, but because it is too common and obsolete.

"*Fudge,*" *sung by Mr. Slader at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melodrame entitled The Terrible Peak, written by C. Dibdin, Esq.; composed* by John Whitaker.—Pr. 1s. 6d.

A good comic song is such a *rara avis*, that when we meet with one, the musical treatment of which, as in the present case, steers clear of vulgarism and hackneyed ideas, we feel ourselves doubly indebted to the composer. The air which Mr. W. has devised to this text is not only humorous in a great degree, but also rendered interesting by some select harmonic combinations, such as bars 8 and 9, *p.* 2, and the last line in the same page, which, besides its musical propriety, produced on our nerves a truly comic effect. The concluding burden is also satisfactory. The G in bar 8, *p.* 2, ought to be sharpened.

"*A bonny young Lad is my Jockey,*" *a much admired Scotch Song, sung with universal applause by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall Gardens, composed* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s 6d.

The melody is in proper Scotch style, and adapts itself well to the text: but with all our regard for the venerable composer, and our high estimation of many of his productions, we are bound to own, that the above song is made up of ideas which cannot lay the slightest claim to originality.

"*I stray'd down the Mountain carelessly,*" *sung by Miss Tunstall in the grand Melodrame entitled The Terrible Peak, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte*, by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this song is lightsome and agreeable. We particularly notice the appropriate expression of the words, "I saw as I saunter'd," and the neat burden with its several modifications. The awkward words "carelessly" and "fearlessly" cannot but be stumbling-blocks for the composer; Mr. W. has done his best to get over them.

"*The Boatswain's shrill Whistle, or Sailor-Boy's Adieu,*" *a favourite Song, sung by Master Barnett of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; written by John Lee Lewes, Esq.; composed* by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a pleasing ballad; the

different ideas succeed each other in a connected flow of tender melody, supported by proper and effective harmony. We must, however, observe, that the phrase at *Con anima* (*p.* 2) merges into a minor turn much too commonplace and antiquated to give satisfaction to the cultivated ear; and this phrase, as well as the one immediately preceding, is liable to another objection. As the text is interrogatory, the melody, instead of constantly verging to a descent, ought rather to have been set in ascent. When we ask a question, we terminate it in a higher sound of voice.

"*Ben Bowser,*" *a favourite Song, sung by Mr. J. Smith of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written by Mr. R. Lloyd; composed* by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"Ben Bowser" is a proper sailor's song; the melody breathes the determined spirit and energy of the British tar; and the harmonic support, correct throughout, partakes of the same character. In the third line, *p.* 2, Ben Bowser's courage gets him into some modulations, which, although they prove no breakers, and he works his way safely through them, we deem rather an impediment to the unruffled progress of his voyage.

Les Plaisirs du Bocage, a favourite Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed (by permission) to Lady Harriet Blaquiere, by J. E. Clarke. Op. 14. Pr. 3s.

An allegretto and walz in C major. In the allegretto we observe a somewhat antiquated stiffness of treatment, and considerable nudity of harmony. From this remark, however, we must exclude the strain which begins at the bottom of the first page, and another which closes the second page. These are conceived and enveloped in good style, and the bass in the latter of the two proceeds in a flow of well arranged melodic progression. Of the variations, *p.* 6, we cannot speak in terms of great praise; with the exception of some respectable passages of running bass, it consists of common ideas, and its sixth bar is ungrammatical. The walz, at its outset, is also rather naked and plain, but it improves in the sequel: the trio in F is appropriate; and the remainder, together with the coda, we deem satisfactory.

"*The Smile,*" *a favourite Song, written by Charlotte Caroline Richardson; the Words adapted to Miss Macdonald's Walz, composed* by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the melody is avowed not to have been composed for this song, but for a walz, we are free to say it eminently agrees with the present text in almost every bar; and, moreover, coincides with the general feeling of pastoral innocence which pervades the poetry. "The Smile," therefore, appears to us likely to become a favourite with the vocal amateur. Care should be taken not to play it slowly; about 66 (metronome) for every bar, as we should suppose.

Ada, the Opening of the third Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the Music composed by J. Nathan. Pr. 2s.

In a previous notice of a similar production of Mr. N.'s Muse, we stated our regret at seeing this

gentleman's talents devoted to subjects of such little general interest as the matrimonial feuds and lamentations of the noble author of his text. These are very unlyric themes, even with all the pains bestowed on them, as in the present instance. In the song before us we perceive considerable originality and variety of expression, a vein of wild melancholy well suited to the plaintive and sombre import of the words, and much selectness in the several harmonic combinations. The melody does not at all times proceed in flowing regularity; but considering the nature of the subject, this may be presumed to have been done intentionally. We also observe some deviations from the strict rules of harmonic progress: the A※, for instance (*p.* 2, *l.* 4, *b.* 2), in *both* staves of the accompaniment ought to have been avoided; and, in *p.* 3, *l.* 3, bars 2 and 3, the succession of the chords B※, 6 and A 3 is too abrupt, and produces harsh consecutive fifths in the middle parts: in other respects that page is peculiarly impressive, and the accompaniments well imagined and highly effective.

"*Oh! hush those Sighs!*" *a Ballad written by Mr. Nox; composed, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp, respectfully inscribed to Miss Elliotson*, by W. P. R. Cope. Pr. 2s.

This ballad has but small claims to our favour. The melody is common, and the harmonic arrangement faulty. Without entering into a long detail of grievances, we shall select one or two instances in justification of our opinion: —Bar 6. The C in the bass, besides mechanically interfering with the right hand, strikes an offensive octave with the upper part: it should have been A.—Bar 15 presents an equally shocking succession of octaves at the first employment of the B♮ throughout all the three parts. But we should engross too much of our limited space, were we to record the various other proofs of the author's limited knowledge of composition. In his employment of Italian terms he appears equally unsuccessful; e. g. *con resoluto*—and *expressione.*

The Chinese Ball-Dance in the Pantomime of Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s.

The Chinese ball-dance is well adapted to the effect intended; it consists of a light and sprightly tune, or rather two movements, in A major, of very easy complexion and arrangement, so that very moderate players may undertake the execution with success, and, we may add, with some profit to their proficiency.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 33.—EVENING DRESS.

A BLACK crape frock over a black sarsnet slip. The skirt of the frock is finished by full flounces of the fashionable *chevaux de frise* trimming. The body, which is cut very

low round the bust, is elegantly decorated with jet beads. Short full sleeve, ornamented to correspond with the body. The hair is much parted in front, so as to display the forehead, and dressed lightly at each side of the face; the hind hair is drawn up quite tight behind. Head-dress a jet comb, to the back of which is affixed a novel and elegant mourning ornament; and a long black crape veil placed at the back of the head, which falls in loose folds round the figure, and partially shades the neck. Ear-rings, necklace, and cross of jet. Black shamoy gloves, and black slippers.

PLATE 31.—WALKING DRESS.

A high dress composed of bombazeen; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with black crape, disposed in a very novel style. The body, which is made tight to the shape, wraps across to the right side; it is adorned in a very novel style with pipings of black crape disposed like braiding, and finished by rosettes of crape, in the centre of each of which is a small jet ornament. Long sleeve, tastefully finished at the wrist to correspond with the body, and surmounted by a half sleeve of a new form trimmed with crape. A high standing collar partially displays a mourning ruff. Claremont bonnet, so called because it is the same shape as the one recently worn by the Princess: it is composed of black crape over black sarsnet, and is lined with double white crape. The crown is rather low, the front large, and of a very becoming shape; it is tastefully finished by black crape, and ornamented by a bunch of crape flowers placed to one side. Black shamoy gloves, and black shoes.

We have again to acknowledge our obligations to the lady who favoured us last month; and we understand that the dresses from which our prints this month have been taken, were also purchased from Mrs. Bell of St. James's-street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A short period only has elapsed since we had the pleasure of recording in this department of our Magazine, the gay changes which the marriage of our adored Princess had made in the world of Fashion. How little did we then anticipate the melancholy task at present assigned to us, of describing the mourning worn for her by a country who looked up to her as its future ruler, and who witnessed with delight the gradual developement of those virtues which proved her the true descendant of her venerable grandfather! But she is gone where alone her virtues could be rewarded; she has exchanged the probability of possessing an earthly crown for the certainty of a heavenly one. Yet such is the selfishness of human nature, that it will be some time before even this reflection can mitigate our grief for her loss.

On the promenade costume we have this month scarcely any observation to make. The few fashionables who are seen walking are wrapped in black cloth shawls, which have a broad binding of crape, and large bonnets, composed either of crape over sarsnet, or black Leghorn full trimmed with crape.

The carriage costume is generally similar, but the mildness of the weather enables ladies in high dresses to dispense with shawls or spencers. We must observe, that the promenade dress which we have given is well calculated for carriage costume, and generally adopted in it. Crape bonnets, or undress mourning caps, are the only head-dresses worn in carriage dress, Leghorn and chip being confined to the promenade.

The court mourning consists, as usual, of crape, bombazeen, and long lawn; and such is the general wish to shew every possible respect to the memory of our lamented Princess, that the materials for court mourning are generally adopted by all persons of fashion, whether connected with the court or not.

The most fashionable morning dress is an open robe, made up to the throat, but without a collar: the skirt is of an easy fulness, and almost the whole of the fulness is thrown quite behind, where it is gathered into a plain tight back. The front is cut in a new manner; the upper part is a byas tight piece, and the lower part, which is also byas, is plaited in in such a manner as to form, but with great delicacy, the shape of the bosom. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist by narrow rouleaus of black crape.

This dress is open in front, but it wraps a little to one side. The trimming consists of a broad piece of plain byas crape, which is laid on up the fronts and round the bottom of the dress; this is edged on each side by a fulness of byas crape, about an inch in breadth. A very full mourning ruff, which in undress is made either of clear muslin or thin long lawn, is always worn with this dishabille, which is the only novelty of any consequence that has appeared in undress mourning. We observe that weepers, composed either of clear muslin or long lawn, are very general in undress.

Bombazeen frocks appear to be universally adopted in dinner dress. They are always cut very low round the bust, and are very short in the waist. Sleeves afford little variety, being mostly made very short and full, confined to the arm by a narrow trimming to correspond with the trimming of the dress. The bodies of dresses are now more becomingly made than they were some time back, as the sleeve just touches the point of the shoulder, and the back is of a moderate and becoming breadth. Bombazeen frocks fasten behind with jet buttons: the fronts are made plain, and cut byas in general; but we have seen one just finished for a lady of rank, the bosom of which was let in with white crape in the form of a corset, made much higher than they are usually worn, and finished by a puffing of white crape, with a narrow rouleau of black crape in the centre round the bust.

There is a good deal of variety in trimmings; though they are always composed of crape, it is disposed in many different forms. For dinner dress, double flounces of black crape cut byas, made very deep, and sewed on extremely full, are in high estimation. There are three, sometimes four, of these flounces put rather close together; the top one has either a heading, or else is surmounted by a rouleau of crape.

Plain rouleaus of crape are also fashionable, and trimmings in the shape of cockle-shells are very generally adopted. We observe also that dresses are universally trimmed very high.

The full dress which we have given in our print is the most elegant novelty that has appeared in evening costume. We have since seen at one of our most fashionable milliners, evening dresses composed of black crape, which were full trimmed with white crape. This is not inconsistent with the deepest mourning, and these dresses are peculiarly calculated for very young ladies; though they are equally adopted, as we understand, by those of middle age.

Undress caps are very generally made of book-muslin, and trimmed with love-ribbon. They are of various forms, but those of the mob kind are most prevalent. One of the prettiest that we have seen had a headpiece drawn with black ribbon; the drawings were lengthwise, and, we believe, there were eight. The crown resembled that of a *toque*; it was a good deal broader than the headpiece, and finished round the top by a puffing of black love-ribbon. A narrow muslin border, double round the face but single at the ears, was quilled on very full: a knot of black love-ribbon fastened it under the chin, and a large bow to correspond was placed in the centre of the forehead.

Dinner *cornettes* are always composed of crape, white in general, and ornamented with black crape flowers; but some, and those in our opinion the most elegant, are composed entirely of white crape. One, of a most becoming and simple form, has a broad low crown, finished round the top by a wreath of small white crape roses and leaves. The headpiece is cut so as to display the whole of the front hair; the ears are extremely narrow, and there is no border.

Crape turbans, both black and white, are very much worn in full dress; they are profusely ornamented with beads, and sprigs composed of jet; among the latter, those formed of cypress-leaves are considered most elegant. Artificial flowers also, which are always composed of black or white crape, are fashionable ornaments for turbans. They are always placed in full bunches at one side.

The most fashionable head-dress for young ladies in full dress, is the one which we have given in our print. Very juvenile *belles* do not adopt the veil, but wear either an ornament similar to the one we have given, or flowers.

In half dress the hair is almost entirely concealed; the very little of it that is seen is braided across the forehead, but the braids are only partially visible under the mourning cap.

Plain black crape fans, black shamoy gloves, and black shoes.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Nov. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE dreadful event of the Princess Charlotte's death was known here some hours before your letter reached me. I cannot describe to you the consternation which it has created among the

English residing here. Alas! we were looking eagerly forward to her *accouchement*, as an event which would give us a new tie to the house of Brunswick in the person of an infant prince or princess, and little did we expect that the moment so fondly anticipated would deprive us at once of both mother and child!

The French, in general, have shewed on this melancholy occasion a degree of feeling and sensibility highly creditable to their hearts; though incapable of estimating the extent of our national calamity, they sympathise deeply in our private regrets for the Princess, whose virtues and talents they knew and admired. Who indeed could behold without admiration a woman, so young, so lovely, and surrounded as she was by all the splendour of the most elevated rank, devoting herself even in the very morning of her life to the exemplary discharge of all her duties, and finding her happiness only in promoting that of all around her! But what, alas! is the grief even of her nearest relatives compared to that of the cherished partner of her heart, whose earthly hopes are thus for ever blighted! Oh! may the Almighty support him under the blow, for his divine goodness only can!

* * * * * *

It is some days since I wrote the above. I resume my pen to tell you, that the royal family of France appear to participate sincerely in our heavy affliction: personally attached to the house of Brunswick, and particularly to the Regent, they deeply lament his irreparable loss. I have been told, that the king shed tears when it was first announced to him; and the fine countenance of Madame gives evident proof of the impression it has made upon her. A court mourning will take place as soon as the fatal event is officially announced.

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I was much surprised, and so will you be, my Sophia, to find that the court mourning is limited to eleven days, six of deep mourning and five of slight; that is to say, black for the first six days, and white only for the remaining five. We may be certain that the king does not consult his own feelings in this short tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious deceased.

The mourning garb of the English ladies here is composed of the same materials and made in the same manner as that worn by the French for their parents. Undress and half-dress gowns are made of a fine thin black cloth, which is called *drap de St. Maur*: this cloth is considered by the Parisians as the deepest mourning. Dinner gowns are cut very low round the bust, and the waists are as short as possible. The sleeves are long, and almost tight to the arm. A plain tight back, and front cut down to a point before. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with eight or ten narrow rouleaus of black crape disposed in waves: the lower part of the sleeve is ornamented in a similar manner, and two rows of the same kind of trimming go round the bust. A *fichu* composed always of black crape, with a large ruff of the same material, which is made very full and stands up round the chin, is always worn with these dresses.

Fashionable Parisians seldom

wear any thing white during deep mourning; but if they do, it is merely a handkerchief or ruff, which is composed of leno, white crape not being considered by them as mourning.

Dress gowns are always composed of black crape, and worn over plain black sarsnet. The one which I am going to describe is very generally adopted by the most fashionable people.

A round dress, the skirt made scanty and of a moderate length; a flounce of a quarter in depth is set on very full, and festooned by small jet roses; the festoons are edged by jet beads, and the flounce is headed by a wreath of black crape roses without leaves. The body of this dress is full behind; a row of jet buttons, which are very small, are placed at each side to mark the shape of the back, and the fulness is confined in the middle by narrow black silk braiding, fancifully interspersed with jet buttons: the fronts of the dress are full on each side of the bosom, and plain in the middle. A row of small crape roses, to correspond with the heading of the flounce, goes round the bust, and the fulness at each side of the bosom is drawn in in large plaits at some distance from each other, each plait being ornamented by a jet button. A narrow cestus of black crape, fastened in front by a jet clasp, finishes the dress.

Head-dresses are invariably made of black crape, with jet ornaments if for evening dress. For morning visits, *chapeaux* of black crape are invariably adopted: they are made always to tie under the chin; the brims are very large, so as almost entirely to conceal the face; the crowns are of a moderate height. The crape is always laid on very full over black sarsnet; this fulness is sometimes disposed in large plaits, sometimes in *bouillones*, which are placed byas across the crown, and sometimes in clusters of gathers with plain spaces between. These *chapeaux* are generally ornamented with large rosettes of crape, three or four of which are placed slantingly across the front of the crown.

Cornettes of black crape are also worn; they are always of the mob kind, and have the most sombre effect it is possible to conceive. I shall describe to you one of the prettiest, as you might perhaps like to have it made in white crape.

A broad full crown, the fulness confined by three narrow bands of crape, and puffed up between each band, is sewed to a high headpiece, which is cut byas, and disposed in plaits about the size of a broad mourning hem. A full triple plaiting of net is set on next to the face and round the ears; or rather I should say, the band which passes under the chin, and fastens with a large bow of black crape at the left side: a full garland of black crape lilies without leaves, is placed at the left side of the forehead.

Toques of crape are partially worn; but turbans are more general. Nothing can be more simple than the form of these turbans, which consists of a large piece of crape folded carelessly round the head, and ornamented with an aigrette of jet in front.

Young people in general have no other head-dress than a narrow band of crape brought twice round